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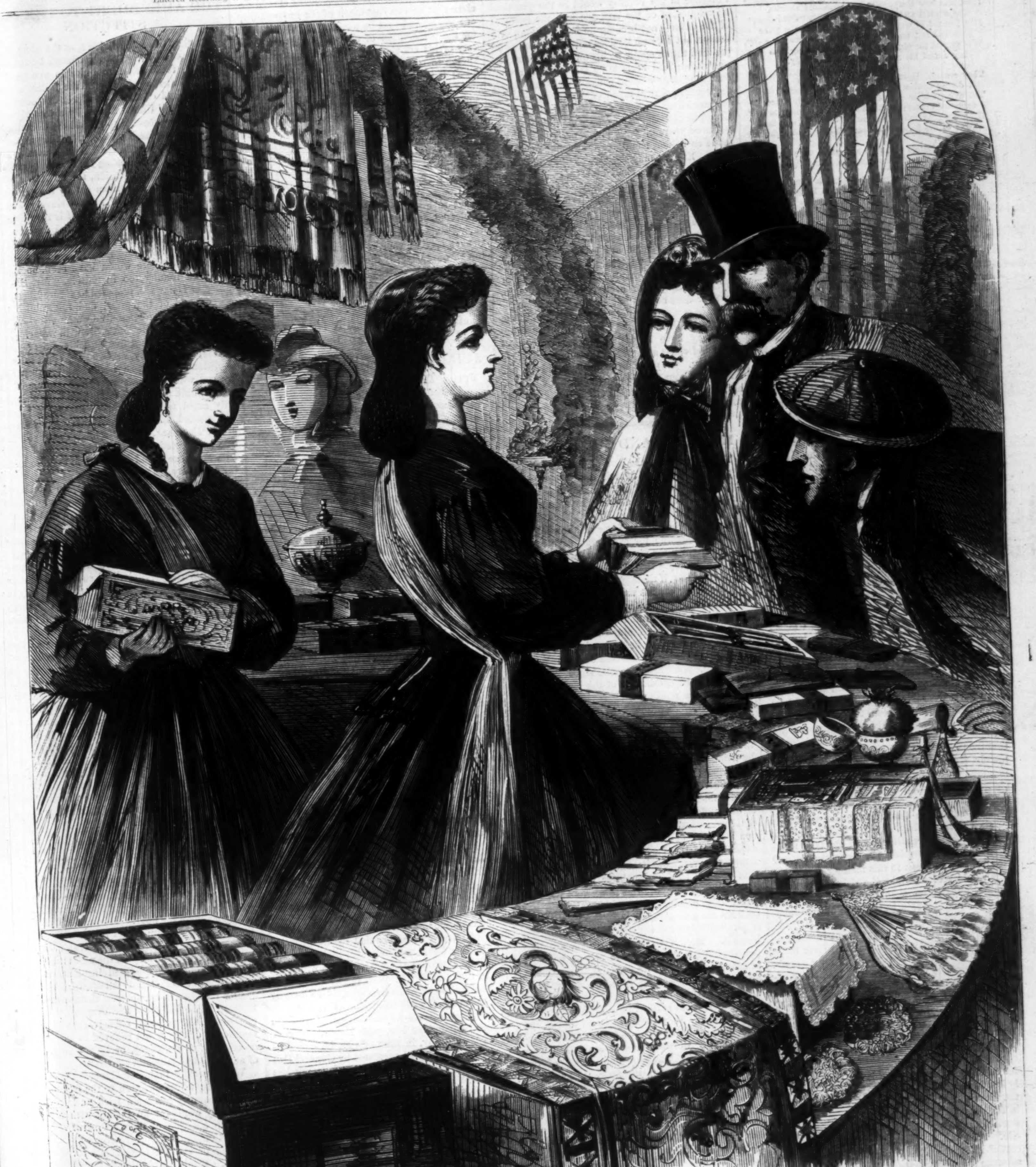


LADIES IN ATTENDANCE IN REGULATION COSTUME AT THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—[See Page 260.]

HOME-NEWS IN BATTLE-TIME.

Dying! Along the trodden, bloody field,
Along the hills where still the tide of battle ran,
The Night came down with flaming spear and shield—
Came down with starry legions marching in her van—
Came down and touched the rows of mangled dead,
Across the knolls and by the little ridges lying,
With loving smile, and, silent, bowed her head,
Like some pale mourner, o'er other brave ones dying.

Just on the edges of the stormy fight,
As the soft night came down, a group of soldiers knelt
Around a comrade, lying calm and white,
A stain of flowing blood upon his bayonet-belt;
Close by him on the trampled meadow-grass,
Beside his musket an unopened letter lay—
A message from the home which now, alas!
Must be forever dark because of this sad day.

"Read to me, Corporal," he said at last—
"Read me what Mary says; I shall die happier so;"
Then, while across his face a spasm passed,
He sadly moaned: "It only came to-day, you know;
Just as I came afield 'twas given me—
I could not pause to read it then; but, comrades, hark!
I'm going now—the long, dim way I see—
Read me what Mary says; 'twill cheer me in the dark."

They read him, as he wished, the precious lines—
The words of love, of brave encouragement and cheer—
Read him how Mary, 'mid her household shrines,
Was hopeful and content; how Baby, "little dear,"
Had learned to walk; how Tom had won the prize
At school last term; how he, the dear one far away,
Was prayed for nightly; how with straining eyes
They waited his return, as for a festal day.

They ceased. Upon the pallid, vacant face
A deeper shadow fell, and with a weary cry
The dying soldier sobbed: "Give them Thy grace,
O blessed Father; shield them till the storm goes by!"
His voice grew faint, then ceased—but one who bent
Close to the fading lips heard this: "Good-night, my dears,"
As if with death's cold chill and pains were blent
Sweet memories of home—dreams of life's brighter years.

And still the battle throbbed along the hills,
And still the dying and the dead in billows lay
Along the slopes and by the crimson rills—
The night shades folding all in mantles dun and gray.
There, where he fell, they scooped a shallow grave,
And with *her* letter on his heart, so cold and calm,
Left him to wait the roll-call of the brave,
The summons to receive the victor's crown and palm.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 23, 1864.

A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

WHILE the great preparations for the campaign are proceeding let us not fall into the old and foolish error. General Grant will have a large and trained army. He will have at his command all the military resources he requires. He has already the confidence of the people and the hearty support of the Government. He has the cause of the country, of humanity, and of civilization to fight for; and he and his men will fight like men and Americans. On the other hand, he will be opposed by a skillful and tried soldier; by a trained army, swelled by a remorseless conscription, fighting upon ground familiar to it, and for a cause which it has ardently espoused. The battle will be desperate, as the issues are momentous. But before it is joined, let us, as sensible men, remember how uncertain the event of every battle is, and not take leave of our common sense by declaring that we must and shall win. Unquestionably our cause will finally prevail, but only upon the condition that we show the qualities which compel final victory; and we merely prove the want of those qualities by a blind and exulting confidence that we can not be defeated.

However desirable success may be, and however ample our preparation, those who say that, if we do not triumph in this or in any particular campaign, there will be a reaction of indignation menacing civil war among ourselves, say so merely for a mischievous purpose, and with a profound want of appreciation of the American character. For what does it mean? If Grant, for instance, is defeated, is it proposed to give up the war for the Union and to sue the rebels for such terms as they may vouchsafe? Or is it intended that we shall concede our task to be impossible, and ourselves propose a separation? No: those who speak in this manner mean that they would prefer to take the risk of civil commotion here, rather than that the conduct of the war should remain in the civil and military hands that now control it.

The attempt is a party movement ingeniously made, and loyal men permit themselves to be parties to it when they insist that we must not allow ourselves to contemplate the possibility of failure in this campaign. Yet the device is as transparent as it is ingenious. For knowing that no truly loyal men would wish to remove Grant, or Sherman, or Thomas, or Meade, or Rosecrans, or Farragut, or Burnside, or Porter, or Butler, or Smith, from their present commands, seeing that they justly have the popular confidence, the game is this: to say constantly in advance, if Grant succeeds, it is in spite of the Government: if he fails, it is because of the interference of the Government. In either case, it will be urged that the Administration is imbecile. And it is for this result that the "Democratic" managers are waiting. They declare in advance that his success is sure if only he is let alone, in order to whet popular exasperation if the fortune of war goes against him. Should General Grant succeed, these managers will present him as the man who has saved the country both against the arms of the rebellion and the impotence of the Government. Should he fail, they will present General M'Clellan as the man who represents a new and more promising policy, counting for support upon the same popular disappointment and disgust which elected Mr. Seymour Governor of New York. This is the little game; and every man plays into the hands of its managers who abandons himself to exulting and unreasonable confidence.

Let every faithful citizen bear steadily in mind that the Government and the Generals are now in accord; that, even seconded by all the energy of the Administration, no General can have a patent of victory; that if the rare military good fortune of the Lieutenant-General should desert him, it will neither be his fault, nor that of his soldiers, nor of the Government; that his want of success will not change in the least the character or the necessity or the final issue of the contest; that General M'Clellan's position toward the war and the cause will be exactly what it is now, and that his elevation to any influence in the country would be the practical abandonment of the struggle and the betrayal of the cause—not because he is a bad man or a traitor, but because he does not in the least comprehend the struggle, as his own Report and letters show; and because he is in the hands of designing men without convictions of any kind, the recent political allies of the rebels, and the present silent or very doubtful friends of the Union in extremity.

Three years of fierce civil war, as they have made us sadder, should certainly make us wiser men. Editors may declare, as they did three years ago, that we shall dine in Richmond on the 4th of July, and that General Grant needs only to strike one blow and he will break the back-bone of the rebellion. But events turn no such fine periods. We are to have varying fortunes in the war hereafter as heretofore. Its progress and promise are to be marked from month to month by the whole course of events and the growth of opinion, not by the issue of any single battle or even isolated campaign. Summer does not leap at once perfect from the winter snows. There are warm days in March, and then chill winds and frosts in April. Even May may have its biting air. But through frosts and chills and storms the summer is surely coming. O ye of little faith, could ye not watch one hour? Let us be men, not children, and then we shall be equal either to present victory or defeat.

MR. LONG AND MR. HARRIS.

The principle in the case of these gentlemen is perfectly clear. There is a vast conspiracy against the Union and Government of the United States. Mr. Long and Mr. Harris are legislators sworn to support both. They declare frankly that they are in favor of allowing them to be overthrown: for Mr. Long says that we must recognize the Confederacy, and Mr. Harris frankly hopes that we shall not succeed in the war. Now, if these gentlemen are honest in saying so they confess that they can not, and do not wish to keep their oaths. For how can they legislate for the maintenance of what they declare can not be maintained at all, and ought not, in any case, to be maintained by force? They acknowledge the success of the rebellion. They are, practically, rebels, since they pronounce for the dissolution of the Union, which is all that the rebels wish. If they are honest, and that may be granted, why should they not be taken at their word?

They do not, indeed, as yet bear arms against the Government, nor did Breckinridge when he made similar speeches in Congress after the war began; for he did not take arms until October, 1861. But if, as even Judge Barnard allows, a man who discourages enlistments is traitorous, and may be properly punished, the House of Representatives, which is the judge of the qualifications of its own members, may surely expel two of them who honestly justify the attempt to overthrow its authority. It is true that consent to the overthrow may not be so culpable as by force of arms to attempt it. But under these circumstances the moral distinction between the acts disappears. The accessory to a murder is hanged equally with the murderer himself. Nor, if they are expelled, are they punished for words spoken in debate, but for a practical complicity with the conspiracy, which, except for that speaking, could not be known.

The question becomes, then, merely one of expediency. But surely they should be expelled or left alone. In refusing to expel and at the same time declaring them to be unworthy members—that is, worthy of expulsion—the House stultifies itself. Suppose that either of the members had said upon the floor, "I have sent arms to our Southern brethren." They would be merely words spoken in debate. But would the House content itself with voting that the gentlemen were unworthy of their seats, and then proceed, with these gentlemen still voting, to legislate for the suppression of the rebellion? Now Mr. Long and Mr. Harris deliberately acquiesce in the overthrow of the Government as a foregone conclusion. Can a House which really means to put down the rebellion by force, and which has a discretionary power of expulsion by a vote of two-thirds, suffer such members to remain for the sole purpose of retarding and perplexing its action lest, if they are expelled, the right of free speech should seem to be violated?

The famous case of Mr. Quincy and Mr. Clay in the debate upon the war of 1812 has been cited. But Mr. Quincy, with all his bitter vehemence, professed himself as devoted as Mr. Clay to the defense of the integrity of the country, and the maintenance of the Government intact. If he had declared his acquiescence in the overthrow of the Government, does any body suppose that Speaker Clay would not have moved his expulsion, and been supported by the common-sense of the whole country? It is not the policy of the war for the Union, nor the details of its conduct, nor the corruption and weakness which they might declare attended it; but it is the *object* of the war, namely the maintenance of the Government and the Union, which Mr. Long and Mr. Harris abandon. How can they, under their oaths, continue to be members of that Government? If the President should declare that he was convinced of the impossibility of success, and that he would sign no more bills for the prosecution of the war, ought the honesty of his conviction and the frankness of his speech to save him from removal? So in this case; it is not a question of freedom of opinion or of speech. We are engaged in a war which must be prosecuted or abandoned. Congress represents a people which wishes it to go on. Its members swear to do all they can to promote that purpose. If any one of them says honestly, "I have changed my mind, and I can not keep my oath, because I believe success to be impossible," ought he not to wish, and ought not Congress to insist, that the question be referred to his constituents? Then, if he were re-elected, it would be evident that he spoke their opinion. Until then it must be assumed, in such a crisis, that he does not. As for making them martyrs if they are expelled, and creating sympathy for the rebellion through sympathy for them, the case of Vallandigham shows that loyal men need not be troubled. That case is perfectly well understood by the people of this country, and this would not be less so.

JUDGE BARNARD'S CHARGES.

Judge Barnard's name has been lately brought before the public by a charge to the Grand Jury of the Oyer and Terminer, and by another charge against one of the editors of the *Evening Post*. The latter was immediately branded as false by the journal assailed, and we presume nobody believed or believes it, because character is even more convincing than some vehement assertions even from the bench.

The other charge, that to the Grand Jury, contains several wholesome truths which, had they not been hitherto uniformly despised and outraged by the political allies of the Judge, would have saved us from the war. The learned Justice declares that the right of free discussion is a cardinal condition of a republic. Nothing is truer. And because slavery can not coexist with it, slavery is incompatible with a republic. We congratulate the magistrate upon his perception, although it be somewhat tardy, of an elemental political truth.

But the Judge's charge was not so carefully pondered as it should have been. When a learned pundit announces that white is white, he should take great care not to say that it is black before he sits down. His Honor says, and very truly, in one part of his essay: "This is essential to the political freedom of a Republic that every citizen should have the full right to express his views on any political measure or any act of administration, and endeavor, by argument or persuasion, to bring others to adopt his views." But presently after he says that it is a traitorous act to induce and persuade men not to enlist. Why so? If a man thinks the war wrong, and the acts of the Administration in prosecuting it unjustifiable, why, upon the Judge's own ground, may he not say so to his fellow-citizens in the hope of persuading them not to support those acts by enlisting in the army? The learned Judge is guilty of a gross and absurd inconsistency.

The muddle in his Honor's mind is occasioned by his failure to remember that the Constitution provides for war as well as peace; and that many things are lawful in the one condition which are not in the other. The most fundamental right of personal liberty, for instance, is arbitrarily suspended by the Constitution when rebellion or invasion requires its suspension. And the greater includes the less, your Honor. If your Honor's self may, in time of war, be constitutionally and summarily arrested by General Dix without the relief of the *habeas corpus*, not less may Mr. Vallandigham be silenced at the discretion of the military commander. It is very sharp practice, if the Court please; but such is the nature of war, and such is the prevision and the provision of the Constitution.

The men who made the Constitution had just emerged from a war. They knew its necessities and conditions. They laid down the cardinal rights of citizens in peace; but they were much too wise not to foresee that those rights might be appealed to in war to overthrow the very system which permanently secured them. They foresaw Vallandigham and the whole gentle tribe of Copperheads, and they prescribed for the case.

The learned Judge is right in saying that to discourage enlistments for the Government when it is struggling in civil war is traitorous. But it is only because in such an emergency the citizen has *not* the full right "to endeavor by argument or persuasion to bring others to adopt his views." Of course this formidable but necessary power of summary suppression must be exercised with discretion, for the people watch it closely, and hold the authorities responsible. But not the less is it expressly Constitutional, and a fundamental necessity for every government at war. By our own Government it has been wielded so temperately and honestly, that even in Ohio, where its exercise provoked the loudest opposition, the Government was sustained by an enormous majority of a hundred thousand voters.

THE AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

On the 8th of April, 1864, at the close of the third year of a civil war produced by the tragical and futile effort to unite in one peaceful government the principle of the fullest popular freedom and of the most abject despotism, the Senate of the United States, by a vote of thirty-eight to six, proposed to amend the Constitution in the manner itself provides, for the purpose of prohibiting slavery in the United States. That nothing might be wanting to the moral grandeur and dignity of the occasion, the resistance offered to this truly American act by the truly un-American advocates of human slavery was as contemptible as the system itself is revolting.

Of the six Senators who voted against the resolution four made brief speeches. Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, said that if there had been no Abolitionists there would have been no rebellion: an inanity too incredible. Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, proposed to secure liberty of speech and of the press, and re-establish the principles of the Missouri Compromise—which was a proposition to feed a fire with water. For how can slavery and free speech coexist? Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, declared the constitutional abolition of slavery a wicked and unjust act, against which he was aware the protest of an angel would be of no avail; forgetting that the only angel who would have wished to protest was named Lucifer, and fell from heaven. Mr. M'Dougall, of California, announced that he was devoted to human freedom, and therefore, as a true friend of man, should vote in favor of slavery.

And this was the expiring gasp in the United States Senate of the infernal iniquity to whose service the clear, cold casuistry and subtle sophistry of Calhoun was formerly devoted; before which Webster used to bow; from whose snare the human-hearted Clay could never break away; which, by the universal obsequiousness of the American people, had succeeded in coiling its horrid folds around all our liberties, and from whose fatal embrace this war is the struggle of the national life to escape. Yet that final escape is worth the war. The innumerable hearts that are broken, the countless homes that are desolate in our own land, and the earnest friends in other countries who understand the scope of the struggle, will own that when the great act initiated by the Senate is completed, the costly sacrifice of youth and hope and love is not in vain, and that the future of equal justice which this measure secures is well bought by all the blood and sorrow of the war.

The issue is at last openly joined. If the House fail to concur by the necessary two-thirds vote, the Congressional elections of next autumn will turn upon the question of the Constitutional Amendment, and the vote of this spring shows what the result will be.

"MEAN PETTIFOGGING."

The feebleness and poverty of the Opposition in Congress are in nothing more conspicuous than in the tacit recognition of Mr. Cox as its leader upon the floor. It is natural, indeed; for as the Opposition clings to the defense and the protection of slavery, so its orator displays in debate, whatever may be the amenities of his private life, the unqualified insolence of the plantation ranters; and it is surprising that the Union members should suffer themselves for a moment to be badgered and dragooned by this gentleman, the personal offensiveness of whose manner in debate is not relieved by any weight or cogency of argument, or by the impression of any profound patriotic conviction.

Why should a man like General Garfield, for instance, whose devotion to the Constitution and the country has been tried and proved by fire, bandy words for an instant with Mr. Cox upon the question of their comparative regard for the Constitution? Mr. Cox was the chief supporter of Mr. Vallandigham for Governor of Ohio. Could his position be more clearly defined? Or could any amount of loud talk in Congress about his overpowering regard for the Constitution obscure that position? What was the last object for which he obstreperously professed his respect for that instrument? It was to shield from expulsion a member of Congress who openly professed his wish that the Constitution may be overthrown. Is this the kind of gentleman upon whom it is worth while for men soberly engaged in defending that Constitution to waste words? When Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, said that he had risen to expose the mean pettifogging of the champions of secession upon the floor of Congress, he did not characterize by too strong an epithet the speeches to which he triumphantly replied.

AUTOGRAPH LEAVES.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Bliss, of General Wallace's staff in Maryland, has prepared a unique and most valuable contribution to the Sanitary Fair which is to open in Baltimore upon the 19th of April, a day of tragical interest in the history of the city. He has obtained manuscripts of ninety American authors, including all the most distinguished, living or dead, each manuscript the autograph copy of some famous poem, or page from some noted work of the author. These have all been lithographed in fac-simile, so as to reproduce the originals perfectly. The originals are to be bound in a volume and sold, either by raffle or otherwise (for they are no more religious in Baltimore than in Boston), and there is to be an edition of the fac-similes for sale, bound in the same exquisite style, with Ticknor's Life of Prescott. The book will be called "Autograph Leaves of Our Country's Authors," and will have a neat introduction by John P. Kennedy, author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson," and one of the stanchest of Maryland patriots, of course in fac-simile autograph. The two opening autographs of the volume, after the preface, are Keyes's Star-Spangled Banner and President Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, the most perfect piece of American eloquence, and as noble and pathetic and appropriate as the oration of Pericles over the Peloponnesian dead. The last piece in the volume is the autograph of "Home, sweet Home!"

Among the other autographs which we remember from a cursory glance, are a page of the Life of Washington by Washington Irving; some pages of the Bravo by Cooper; the character of William the Silent by Motley; a letter of Prescott's; the Excelsior by Longfellow; 'Zekle's Wooing by Lowell; the Army Hymn by Holmes; The Mariners by Bayard Taylor; the passage describing sunrise from the Dudley Observatory Oration by Edward Everett; Rosalie, a poem by Washington Alston; a page of Dr. Channing's; Thy will be done, by Whittier; a charming poem by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; some pages from One of the Twice-Told Tales by Hawthorne; a translation from the Spanish by George Ticknor. These are but a dozen from the host. There could not well be a more interesting book, and Colonel Bliss has done us all a favor by the happy thought of multiplying it. Whoever wishes to secure a copy, to have his cake and to eat it, may send his name and address to Cushings & Bailey, or to Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Bliss, Baltimore.

MRS. KIRKLAND.

The death of Mrs. Kirkland is a loss even to those who did not personally know her, and who had never read her books; for so strong, sweet, and cheerful a nature is an elevating and purifying public influence. We are all better for the lives of such persons, as the air is clearer and more inspiring around us because of the steady winds that blow elsewhere. Her ample sympathy, her remarkable sagacity, her moral intrepidity, her fine sense, and exquisite tact, blended with the most feminine loveliness, made her a power in our society and time, and we shall all be the poorer now that she is gone. And yet a great, generous nature like hers impresses itself so deeply upon all who are brought into personal contact with it that it destroys the idea of death. It interprets the phrase, "Though dead, he yet speaketh." Richly gifted in character as in mind there is a completeness in Mrs. Kirkland's career which, although her life ended so suddenly, will always prevent its seeming to be a fragment. Steady and faithful, ready for every moment and every duty of life, whenever death may strike, such souls are equally ready, and life ends harmoniously. Almost until midnight she was busy with heart and hand in devotion to the work by which this nation is to be saved and mankind helped forward, the work of the war, and with her hands, as it were, still lifted, she passes forward out of sight. Her work in this world was truly prayer. Her life was a benefit. Her memory is an inspiration. Early and always about her Father's business, what new meaning the old words have, as we think of her, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

Among the timely and valuable publications which the great Fair has occasioned none is more instructive than the "Washington and Napoleon; a Fragment," by Dr. Francis Lieber: an exhaustive and striking contrast of the two most conspicuous men of the last century. The little paper is clear and complete. Dr. Lieber's admirable scholarship furnishes him all the data, which he succinctly combines and analyzes. It is his fine comprehension of the true character of American institutions that has made the author so efficient an ally in the great struggle. His long residence among us, his profound and sagacious apprehension, his various and accurate knowledge, give a value to all his criticisms upon our political and social development which is seldom found in the comments of the best foreign observers; while his domestication for many years in South Carolina peculiarly fitted him for experimental criticism upon the social spirit which is attempting our national destruction.

We can not quote copiously from a little paper of such uniform excellence, but we hope that this word may serve to direct attention to the "study" before the Fair closes, for whose benefit it has been printed and prepared. Ten thousand or a hundred thousand copies distributed as a tract in the army would be a good service to the good cause. We commend the good sense of this passage as a timely lesson:

> "Washington was not personally popular; his power consisted in the universal conviction that he could be confided in; an almost unlimited trust in his integrity and wisdom by soldier and by citizen was his strength; but no endearing name was bestowed on him by his soldiers; or if it ever was done it did not adhere, and has not become historical. Napoleon was worshiped by his soldiers, and received the soldierly nickname of the Little Corporal, as old Fritz, Marshal Forward, and old Hickory were bestowed on Frederick the Great, on Prince Blücher, and on General Jackson, and adhered to them so that the names passed over into history and into the songs of the Bérangers and the Arndts."

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

We have to record, besides the death of the distinguished authoress, Mrs. Kirkland, that of the well-known Boston publisher, William D. Ticknor, which was equally sudden. Authors and publishers will bear equal testimony to the uniform courtesy and kindliness of Mr. Ticknor, while his name will be always pleasantly associated with the publication of many of our standard works, in a form which had given the books with the imprint of his house a special reputation. Every visitor of the old gable-roofed house at the corner of Washington and School streets, in Boston, will long miss his cordial greeting, and regard with a sincere regret the place which knew him so long and will now know him no more forever.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*April* 6. Mr. Grimes presented a bill repealing the joint resolution authorizing the transfer of men from the army into the navy.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution amending the Constitution. Speeches were made by Messrs. Harlan and Hale in favor, and by Messrs. M'Dougall and Powell against it. Mr. Powell proposed an amendment as an additional section, providing that the President and Vice-President shall not hold their offices more than six years, which was rejected, 12 to 32. The bill then passed to a third reading.——*April* 7. The bill to aid Indian refugees to return to their homes was passed. It appropriates about $200,000 for the benefit of the Indians who fled into the frontier States a year ago, from Indian Territory, on account of the rebellious position taken by some of the tribes.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution amending the Constitution. Speeches were made by Mr. Hendricks and Mr. Henderson, the former opposing and the latter advocating the amendment.—Mr. Saulsbury offered but did not succeed in introducing a resolution indicating the form of prayers the chaplain of the Senate should observe in his daily ministrations.——*April* 8. Mr. Trumbull reported the proposed amendment to the rules of the Senate requiring nominations to be acted upon in open Senate, with a recommendation that it do not pass: the report was adopted.—Mr. Sherman introduced a bill to provide for a National currency, secured by the pledge of United States stocks, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof. The bill is that proposed by Mr. Hooper in the House, without material change.—Mr. Harlan introduced a bill for the relief of certain friendly Indians of the Sioux nation in Minnesota. It appropriates $10,000 to make provision for the welfare of such Indians as periled life in saving from the massacre many whites in 1862.—By unanimous consent, Mr. Hale called up the bill to repeal the first section of the joint resolution of February 24, 1864, relating to the transfer of persons from the military to the naval service, which was passed.—The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution amending the Constitution. Mr. Sumner addressed the Senate at length, favoring the amendment. Messrs. Powell and Davis spoke against it. Finally the amendment was adopted, 38 to 6. It is as follows: "Art. XIII. *Sec.* 1.—Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, of which the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction. *Sec.* 2.—Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." This must be passed by the House, signed by the President, and ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States, when it will become a part of the Constitution.——*April* 11. Mr. Cowan presented a remonstrance of the Pennsylvania Legislature and several railroads in that State against the Goodyear India Rubber Patent.—Mr. Wade made a report with the evidence in the case in relation to the late military expedition into Florida, which was ordered to be printed.—Mr. Grimes rose to a personal explanation, and read from the report of the Naval Committee, of which Mr. Hale is Chairman, an extract condemning the manner in which the resolutions concerning the transfer of seamen from the army to the navy had been introduced without the cognizance of the Committee. Mr. Grimes denounced Mr. Hale as an unrelenting enemy of the Secretary of the Navy, and as seeking to embarrass his Department. Mr. Hale replied briefly.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the House Naval Appropriation bill for the year ending June 30, 1865, as reported from the Finance Committee with amendments, the most important of which strikes out an appropriation of $520,000 for the purpose of building floating dry-docks for Monitors at the New York and Philadelphia navy-yards. The amendments were all concurred in, with the above exception. Mr. Hale offered various amendments, proposed by the Naval Committee, which were adopted. Without final action the Senate adjourned.——*April* 12. Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to establish a Bureau of Freedmen, to be placed in the Treasury Department. It provides for a Commissioner at a salary of $4000, a chief clerk, and two clerks of each class. It guards very strictly the rights and interests of freedmen against loss or failure from cupidity, cruelty, or accidental causes. It looks toward making the Bureau self-supporting, by applying to its uses the proceeds of leases.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill relating to the pay and subsistence of the army.—The bill granting lands to Iowa to aid in building a railroad from M'Gregor to a point on the Missouri, to connect with certain lateral roads in Minnesota, was passed.—The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the Naval Appropriation bill in the Committee of the Whole. The amendment appropriating money for the purchase of land to extend the wharf at the Charlestown navy-yard was adopted. An amendment returning the Naval School to Annapolis, Maryland, on or before the academic year commencing in September, 1865, was adopted. Without final action the Senate adjourned to Thursday, out of respect to the memory of John C. Rives, for many years publisher of the *Congressional Globe*.

House.—*April* 6. Mr. Pendleton reported a bill providing that the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior, the Attorney-General, and the Postmaster-General shall be entitled to occupy seats on the floor of the House of Representatives, with the right to participate in debate upon matters relating to the business connected with their respective departments, under such rules as may be prescribed by the House. The bill further provides that the said Secretaries, the Attorney-General and Postmaster-General shall attend the sessions of the House of Representatives immediately on the opening of the sittings on Mondays and Thursdays of each week, to give information in reply to questions which may be propounded to them under the rules of the House. In order to carry out the intention of the bill, Mr. Pendleton reported an amendment to the rules.—The House proceeded to the consideration of the National Banking bill. After a speech from Mr. Hooper several amendments were adopted, rendering the bill unsatisfactory to the Ways and Means Committee. A substitute was then proposed by Mr. Stevens, which was rejected. He then moved to lay the bill on the table, which was carried, 80 to 44.——*April* 7. The Secretary of War was directed to inform the House how many commissioned officers, with their names and rank, have been dismissed from the military service by authority of the President, without trial by Court-martial, since the beginning of the present war, and how many such dismissals have been revoked. The House resumed the consideration of the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad bill. Mr. Woodbridge argued in favor of the constitutionality and expediency of declaring the roads and boats of that Company to be military and post routes. The subject went over.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of business relating to the District of Columbia. Several local bills were passed, and one appropriating $250,000 for the erection of a Penitentiary, Jail, and House of Correction in the District of Columbia, was discussed. Pending a motion to lay the bill on the table, the House adjourned.——*April* 8. Mr. Ganson made a report accompanied by a resolution, declaring that Benjamin F. Loan is not entitled to a seat in this House as a member from the Seventh Congressional District of Missouri; and another resolution that John P. Bruce, the contestant, is also not entitled to the seat. Mr. Upson submitted the views of the minority that Mr. Loan is entitled to retain his seat.—The House recommitted the bill to erect a Penitentiary, Jail, and House of Correction in the District of Columbia, with instructions to inquire into the expediency of reporting one merely providing for building a House of Correction.—The House proceeded to the consideration of the Senate bill, extending the time for States to accept grants of land for agricultural and mechanic college purposes. After some debate the bill passed with an amendment, including the State of West Virginia in its provisions.—The House went into Committee, and took up the President's Annual Message, and Mr. Long made a speech in which he declared himself in favor of recognizing the Southern Confederacy, and avowed other sentiments indicative of sympathy with the rebellion. Mr. Garfield replied, in appropriate terms of condemnation.——*April* 9. At the opening of the session Mr. Colfax offered a resolution to expel Mr. Long, of Ohio, for disloyal sentiments uttered in his speech of the day before. After an exciting debate the resolution was laid over until Tuesday. During the discussion Mr. Harris, of Maryland, boldly avowed his gratification at the secession of the South, justifying it fully, and rebuking the Democratic party for not daring to come up to his standard of political morality. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, instantly offered a resolution to expel Mr. Harris, which received 81 votes against 58, but two-thirds being required, the resolution was not adopted. A resolution of censure upon Mr. Harris was, however, adopted, with but 18 dissenting votes.——*April* 11. The Speaker laid before the House General Grant's report of the battle of Chattanooga, and the reports of the sub-commanders, which were ordered to be printed.—Mr. Hooper introduced the National Bank or Currency bill, the consideration of which was postponed till Saturday. Mr. Brown introduced a joint resolution authorizing the President to appoint a commission of three officers, whose duty it shall be to examine the different harbors of the Northwestern Lakes, with the view of selecting an appropriate site for a Naval Dépôt. Mr. Cravens offered a series of resolutions to amend the Constitution in favor of Slavery, and moved the previous question upon them, which was decided in the negative, by 42 against 74. Debate arising, the resolutions went over.—Mr. Davis introduced a bill, which was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, establishing a Board of Naval Administration. The House proceeded to the consideration of the preamble and resolution offered by Mr. Finck condemning the war. Mr. Ashley moved to lay the resolution on the table, which was carried by yeas, 81; nays, 64. The House then resumed the consideration of the following resolution offered by Mr. Colfax: "That Alexander Long, a Representative from the Second District of Ohio, having, on the 6th of April, 1864, declared himself in favor of recognizing the independence and nationality of the so-called Confederacy, now in arms against the Union, and thereby giving aid, countenance, and encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility to the United States, is hereby expelled." A long and excited debate ensued, the main features of which were a speech by Fernando Wood, opposing the war, and favoring the appointment of Commissioners to proceed to Richmond and negotiate a peace, and a reply by General Schenck, reviewing Mr. Wood's general course, and strongly condemning all conduct calculated to encourage rebels in arms. Henry Winter Davis also denounced the course of Mr. Harris in very strong terms. Without coming to a vote the House adjourned.——*April* 12. Mr. Stevens, from the Ways and Means Committee, reported a bill to prevent a depreciation of the currency. It provides that every person, bank, association, or corporation issuing notes to circulate as money, shall pay a duty of one-fourth of one per centum per month on the amount issued. Monthly returns are to be made. After one year it shall be unlawful to issue such notes unless authorized by act of Congress.—The House then resumed the consideration of the resolution of Speaker Colfax for the expulsion of Mr. Long of Ohio. The entire day and evening was occupied in debate. Finally, the House agreed to vote on the question at noon on Thursday, and thereupon adjourned to that day.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The Red River campaign goes on successfully. On the 26th ult. a fight took place on Cane River, thirty-five miles above Alexandria, Louisiana, between General Smith's forces, consisting of 6000 infantry under General Mower, and Dudley's brigade of Lee's Cavalry corps, and Dick Taylor's rebel army, estimated at 12,000 strong, posted in an advantageous position. The fight lasted about three hours. Our loss is reported at eighteen killed and about sixty wounded. That of the rebels was much greater, some placing it at two hundred killed and wounded. We captured five hundred prisoners, and others were still coming in. Our troops did not halt on the battle-ground, but pushed on in pursuit of the retreating foe. No rest would be given the rebels. It was General Smith's design to force the enemy to make a stand, and defeat them in a pitched battle, if possible. A considerable number of deserters have entered our lines. Nine hundred contrabands, men, women, and children, had arrived from Alexandria. A report that our forces have occupied Shreveport lacks confirmation. Soon after our troops left Alexandria a large rebel force, under Dick Taylor, attacked our fortifications, but were vigorously opposed by our troops. The rebel loss was considerable.

By way of New Orleans we learn that the Union cavalry, 4000 strong, have occupied Eagle Pass, Texas, capturing 800 prisoners and immense quantities of cotton. Eagle Pass is 400 miles above Brownsville, and has been a great rebel highway for running cotton and other articles into Mexico. It was determined that our troops should permanently occupy the place. Corpus Christi has also been reoccupied.

The rebels made a desperate attempt to blow up Admiral Lee's flag-ship *Minnesota*, off Newport News, on the night of the 9th inst., with a torpedo. It did not succeed, however, although the crew and officers received a terrible and unexpected shock. It appears that the rebels approached the *Minnesota* in a small boat, with a torpedo attached, which, when they reached the frigate, exploded with a report equal to twenty pieces of artillery.

Active preparations for the opening of the campaign are going on in the Army of the Potomac. Generals Meade, Humphreys, Patrick, and Ingalls had an interview with General Grant on the 8th instant. On the same day an order was issued, ordering all civilians, sutlers, and their employés, to the rear by the 16th. Members of the Sanitary or Christian Commissions, and registered newspaper correspondents only, can remain. All property for which there is no transportation also goes to the rear, and the authority of Corps Commanders to grant furloughs is revoked, and none are to be granted save in extreme cases, or in case of re-enlisted veterans.

Another order for the consolidation of army corps was issued on the 4th inst. The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps are consolidated, and Major-General Hooker assigned to the command. The corps will hereafter be known as the Twentieth. Major-General Howard, formerly of the Eleventh Corps, takes command of the Fourth, relieving General Gordon Granger, who reports to the Adjutant-General of the Army. General Slocum reports to General Sherman. Major-General Schofield is assigned to the command of the Twenty-third Army Corps.

A small Federal force of infantry and cavalry sent against Mount Elba and Longview, Arkansas, returned to Pine Bluff on the Arkansas River, on the 31st ult., having inflicted serious damage on the enemy. Mount Elba and Longview are 25 and 50 miles south from Pine Bluff, on the Washita River, in Southeastern Arkansas. At Longview they destroyed the pontoon bridges, burned a train of 35 wagons loaded with camp and garrison equipments, ammunition, quarter-masters' stores, etc., and captured 320 prisoners. On the 30th they engaged General Docking's force of 1200 men, from Monticello, routed him, and pursued him ten miles, with a loss on his side of over 100 killed and wounded. Our men captured a large quantity of small-arms, two stands of colors, many wagons, and over 300 horses and mules. Our loss was 15 in killed, wounded, and missing. Several hundred negroes were brought in.

The movements in the Southwest indicate the approach of active operations there. All the recruits in Missouri are ordered to the field, and veterans who are on furlough are to proceed at once to the front. Already the movement of troops to the front in Tennessee and Georgia is on an unexampled scale. Nearly all the re-enlisted regiments go back with from three to five hundred recruits.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The rebel ram *Tennessee* was struck by a squall on the 1st instant, while lying near Grant's Pass, off Mobile, causing her to keel over and sink. Her armament will prove a heavy loss to the rebels. It consists of six 100-pounder rifled Parrotts and nearly as many small pieces.

Advices from General Gillmore's department state that a few shells are occasionally sent into Charleston. Also, at long intervals, Fort Sumter receives the attention of both the land and naval batteries. The famous 30-pounder Parrott at Cumming's Point, which has been so actively engaged in shelling Charleston, exploded after having fired 4615 rounds. The pieces of the gun have been collected for transmission to the North.

Ten rebels attacked a large Government plantation near Vicksburg a few days ago and entirely destroyed it. The rebels were afterward repulsed by a negro regiment.

A dispatch from Louisville reports that nineteen rebels, belonging to the Third Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, of General Forrest's command, came into Hopkinsville, on the 7th inst., and took the oath of allegiance. They report that on March 26, when between Mayfield and Paducah, Forrest disbanded the Third, Seventh, and Eighth Regiments Kentucky Cavalry, and permitted them to go home. News from Memphis to the 8th reports Forrest moving southward with his trains and plunder, and General Grierson as watching and harassing his columns, though not strong enough to attack Forrest in force.

Little Rock advices say the only news from Steele is that he was at Arkadelphia on the 28th. He had constant skirmishing with the enemy on the route, but the progress of the expedition was no time impeded. Arkadelphia is 76 miles southwest of Little Rock.

THE SPRING ELECTIONS.

The Rhode Island election, which took place on the 6th, resulted in the re-election of Governor Smith, Union, over George H. Browne, Democrat, and Amos C. Barstow, Independent. The Legislature is strongly Union.

The election in Maryland on the 6th instant, for members of a constitutional convention, resulted in the success of the Radical Emancipation ticket by 10,000 majority. The Convention will declare, it is said, in favor of immediate and unconditional emancipation.

The election for delegates to the Louisiana State Convention has resulted in favor of the Free State Party by a large majority.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

European advices are to the 30th of March. The Archduke Maximilian had postponed the reception of the Mexican deputation to March 27. Nothing authentic about the Mexican loan had been disclosed.

On March 28th the Prussians attempted to carry Düppel by storm, but were repulsed, after a five hours' engagement, along their whole line. The Conference for settling the Schleswig-Holstein question was to commence on April 12, at London.

JAPAN.

Accounts from Japan have a pacific aspect. A commercial treaty, between Japan and Switzerland, had been concluded, but was not signed yet according to the latest accounts.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

The following officers compose the staff of General Grant as now completed: Brigadier-General John A. Rawling, Chief of Staff; Lieutenant-Colonel C. B. Comstock, Senior A. D. C.; Lieutenant-Colonel O. E. Babcock, A. D. C.; Lieutenant-Colonel W. L. Duff, Assistant Inspector-General; Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Rowley, Military Secretary; Lieutenant-Colonel Adam Badeau, Military Secretary; Captain E. S. Parker, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain George R. Lut, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant W. H. Dunn, Jun., Acting A. D. C.; Captain H. W. Jones, Staff Quarter-master.

It is announced that since the passage of the resolution authorizing the transfer of seamen from the army to the navy, already over five thousand have been thus transferred.

The official Navy Register for 1864 has just been issued. It reports the number of vessels, including those still building, to be 617; among them 72 iron-clads and two rams, the *Avenger* and *Vindicator*. From December 31, 1862, to March 6, 1864, the navy has lost 39 vessels by capture, destruction, snagging, wreck, etc., including six iron-clads and three rams.

The iron-clad frigate *Ironsides* has fired since she has been in service 4361 rounds; has been hit 241 times; has only had one man killed; has not been seriously injured, and is probably the best iron-clad vessel in the world.

The rebel privateer *Florida* was reported to be at the Canary Islands on the 4th of March, where she remained for one day, and took in coal and provisions.

General Gillmore's report of the Florida expedition is published. It shows, *First:* That the plan of the expedition was General Gillmore's, and that it had three distinct and sufficient military objects, to which a fourth, not military, was at a later period adjoined by the President. *Second:* That the battle of Olustee was fought in consequence of an advance by General Seymour, not only without, but clearly against, General Gillmore's orders. The effort of the latter to countermand it was frustrated by a storm, which delayed his messenger.

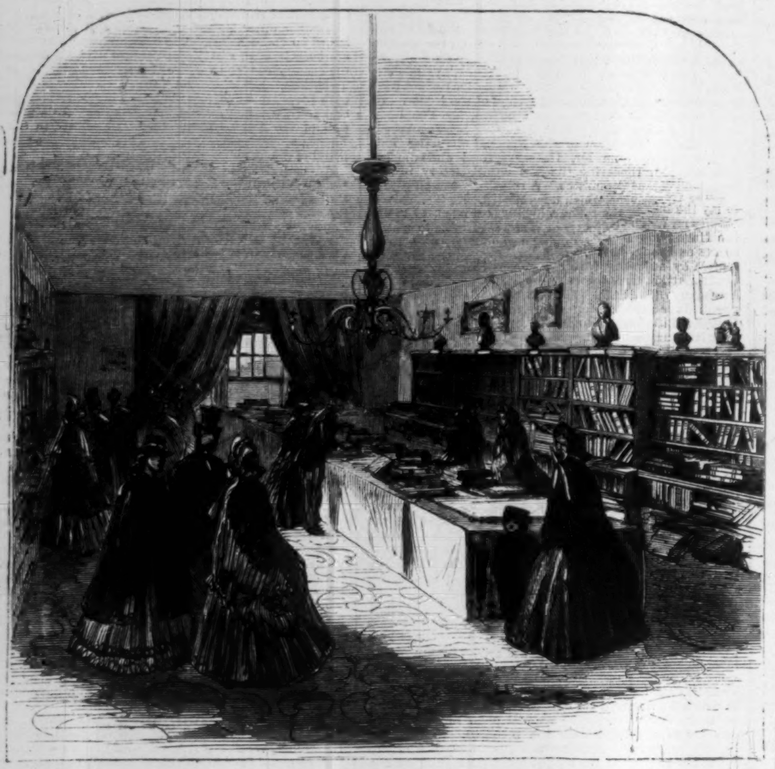
By order of the War Department, the Department of the Monongahela has been merged into the Department of the Susquehanna.

Brigadier-General W. H. T. Brooks has been ordered to report for duty to Major-General Butler.

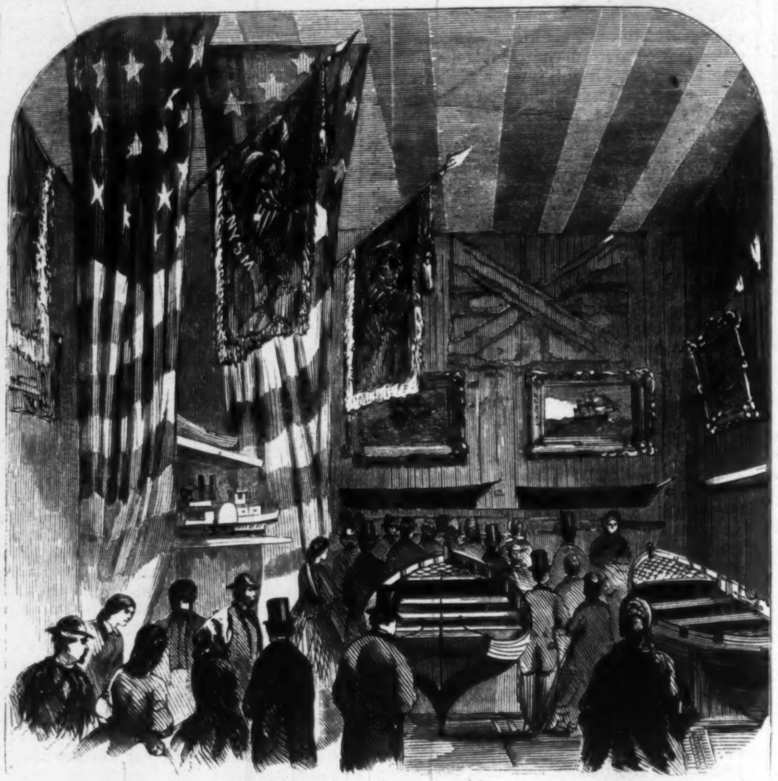
The steamer *Maple Leaf*, with troops on board, bound from Pilatka to Jacksonville, Florida, was blown up in the St. John's River on the 30th ult. by a rebel torpedo, which was placed in the river. She sunk in ten minutes, and four of her crew were drowned.

The name of the Invalid Corps is, by order of the War Department, changed to that of Veteran Reserve Corps, which sounds more pleasantly to the officers and the commands.

A brigade of loyalists is forming in Northern Alabama.



BOOK DEPARTMENT.



BOAT-BUILDERS' DEPARTMENT.

SKETCHES OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

WE continue this week our illustrations of the METROPOLITAN FAIR, which for a fortnight has engaged the attention of all New York and its environs. In every respect the Fair has been a success, and thousands of our brave defenders in the field, in days of suffering in camp and hospital, will gather benefits from the munificent charity which has poured, through this Fair, into the treasury of the Sanitary Commission. And tens of thousands who are to-day preparing for the shock of conflict will carry themselves with a grander heroism and robuster faith, in the white heat of battle, because of the assurance this Fair gives that the people at home remember and care for the soldier, and delight to soften the rough places of his experience. On the first page we give a view representing

THE COSTUMES OF THE LADIES IN ATTENDANCE AT THE FAIR.

This illustration, aside from its prominent presentation of the ladies' costumes, gives a very accurate idea of the general appearance of the Fair interior, showing its magnificence of display more conspicuously, perhaps, than any illustration yet given.

In the Fourteenth Street Buildings BIERSTADT'S

INDIAN WIGWAM

has been constantly crowded by vistors desiring to study the habits and peculiarities of the aborigines. Several entertainments have been given daily by the Indians. Our sketch represents a WAR DANCE, as given on several occasions to the intense gratification of all spectators. Historically, no feature of the Fair has greater interest than this in which the life of those who, only a little while ago, held undisputed possession of our continent, is reproduced by a handful of the once absolute tribes for the pleasure of the pale-faced race, whose ancestors pushed them into obscurity and historical oblivion.

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT,

of which we give a view on this page, forms a most attractive feature to all persons of a literary turn, and a very considerable part of the receipts of the Fair will be derived from this source.

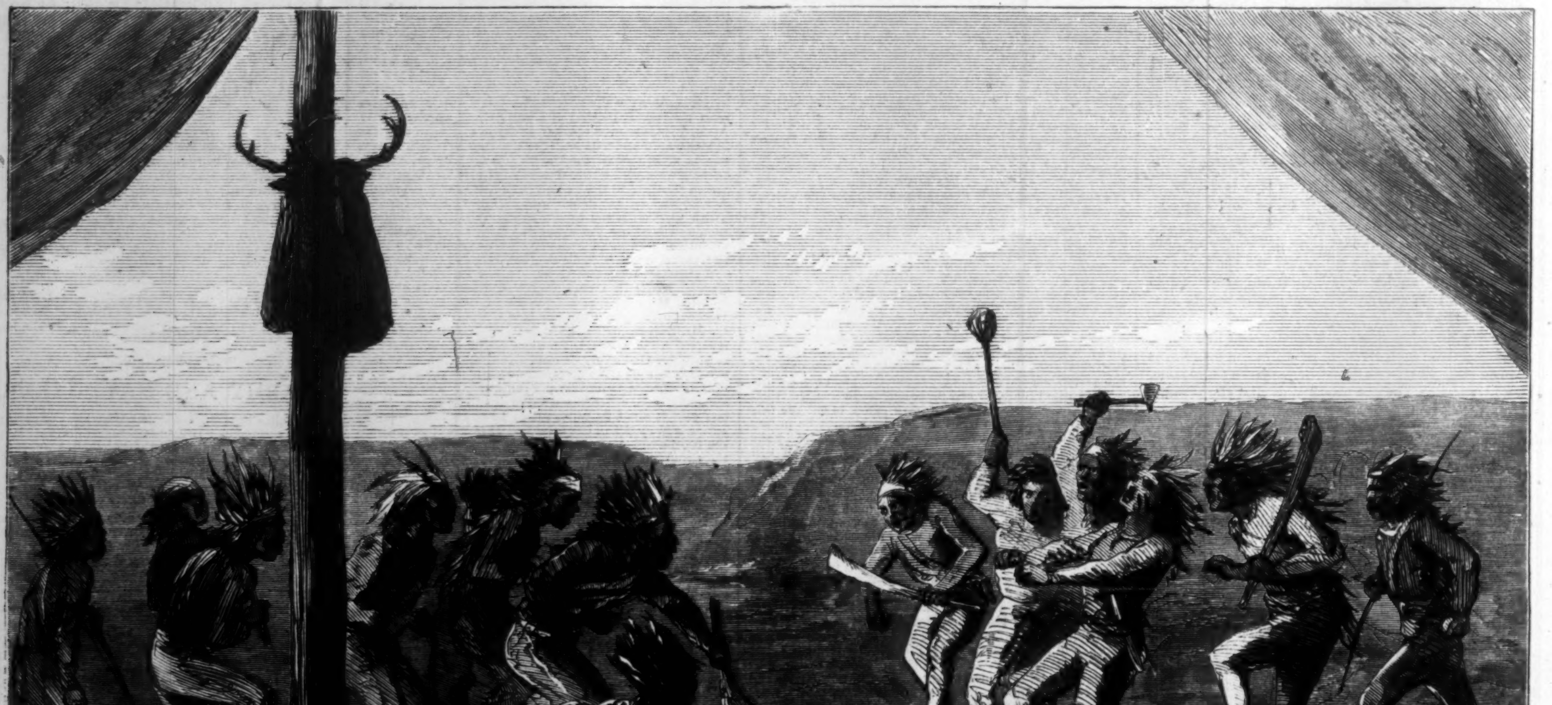
THE BOAT-BUILDING DEPARTMENT,

also in the Fourteenth Street Building, is full of interest not only to nautical visitors, but to the general public, who can not but be concerned, just now, in whatever relates to naval architecture and that branch of the public service, which, in this war, has achieved so many triumphs for the National cause.

Much interest in

THE DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES

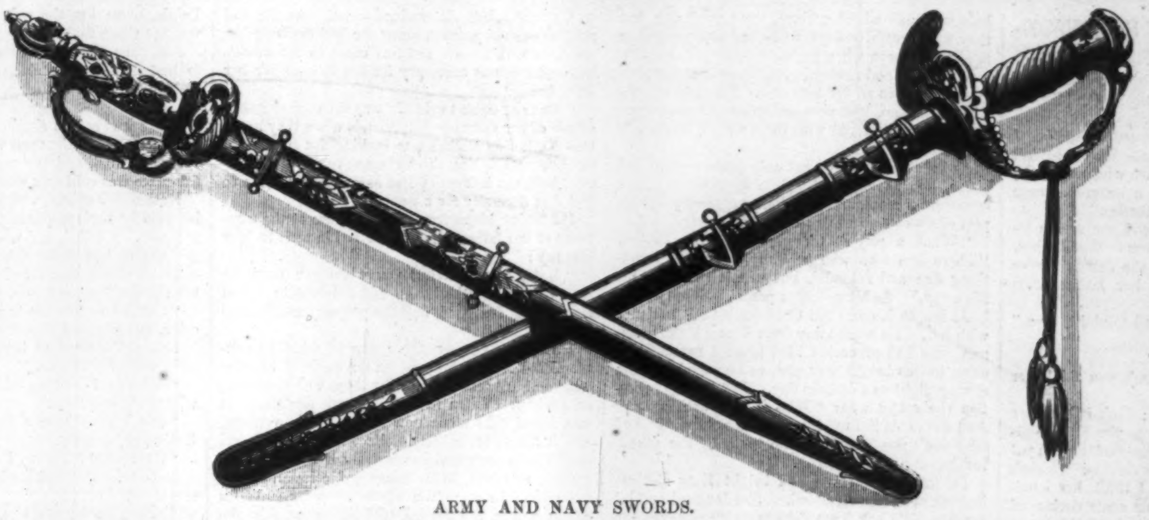
is manifested, and considerable speculation has been indulged in as to who will become the recipient of the two handsome swords—one of which is to be presented to a navy and the other to an army officer. The swords cost $1500 each, and as the subscriptions are without limit a handsome sum will be realized by the zeal of the friends of military and naval officers to secure the prizes for their favorites. Every person who pays one dollar has one vote, which he indicates on a book opened for the purpose. For the army sword the strife is between the admirers



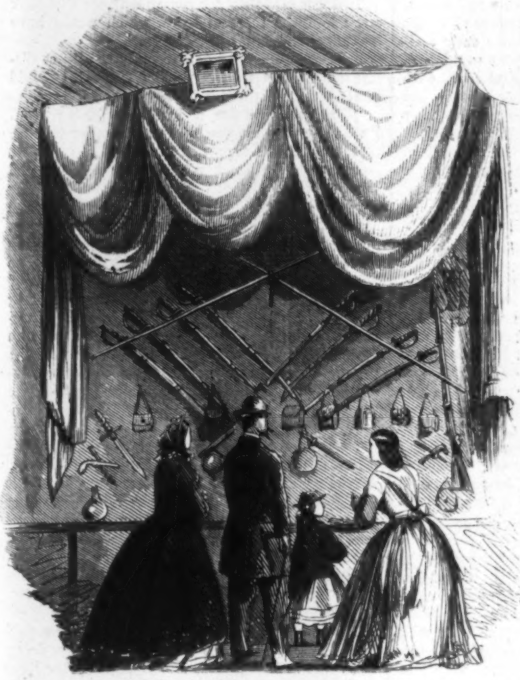
WAR DANCE—INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

of General **GRANT** and General **M'CLELLAN**. For the navy sword the favorites are Admiral **FARRAGUT** and Commander **ROWAN**, of the *New Ironsides*.

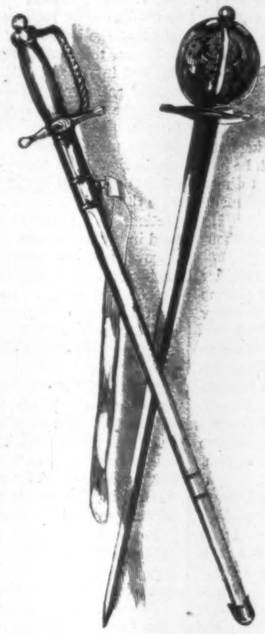
The Museum of Flags, Trophies, and Relics, in the Union Square Buildings, contains a wonderful collection of rare and curious articles. The whole number of relics on exhibition is one thousand and twenty-two. There are old guns, old uniforms, old swords, old pistols—relics of the Revolutionary fight, and specimens from the battle-fields of the present war against rebellion—balls, hand-grenades, shells, tomahawks, rapiers, Sandwich Island daggers, and Indian arrows—battle-flags and guidons—regimental colors that went through the Mexican war and reappeared in this one—Ellsworth memorials, and relics made sacred because Washington used them—a mere description of which would fill a volume. Among the more interesting momentoes of the present war are two or three dozen of **BATTLE-FLAGS** of **NEW YORK REGIMENTS**, some of which have been riddled by the enemy's shot, their staffs splintered, their bearers killed, but were still saved from the rebel clutch. We give on this page a view of these flags as they appear at the Fair.



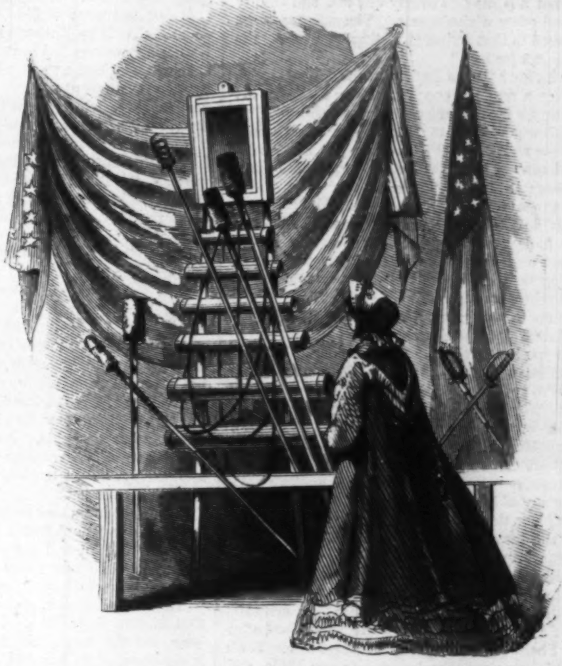
ARMY AND NAVY SWORDS.



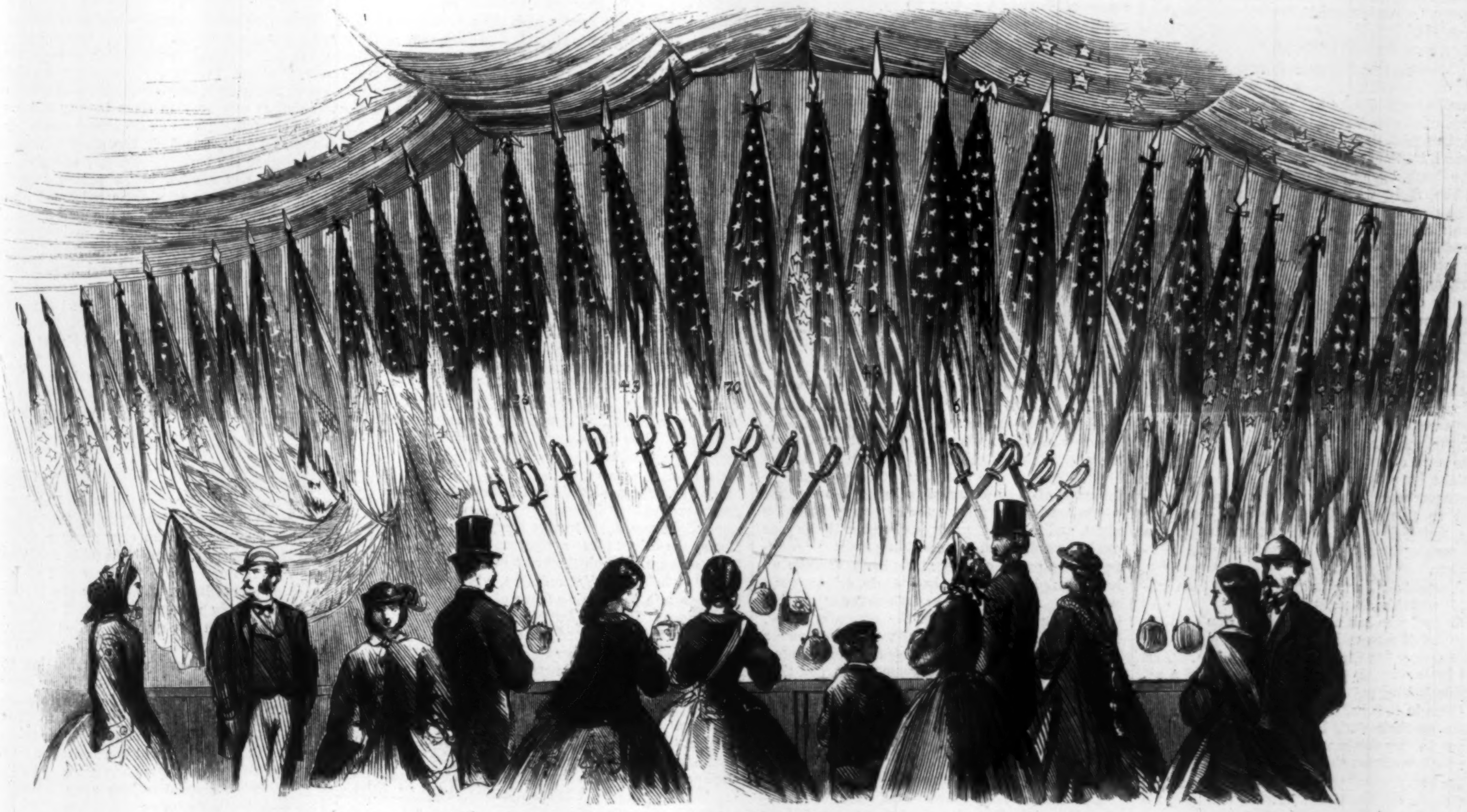
DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—MEXICAN FLAGS CAPTURED AT MAZATLAN, MEXICO.



1. SWORD SURRENDERED BY GENERAL BURGOYNE TO GENERAL GATES.—2. HIGHLANDER'S SWORD.



DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—PIECES OF FLAG-STAFFS.



DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—FLAGS OF NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

The Mexican trophies consist of a Mexican flag captured at Mazatlan, pieces of flag-staff, swords, etc.—all illustrating the heroism of our army in the Mexican war.

Our artist also presents an illustration of the sword surrendered by **BURGOYNE** to General **GATES** on the battle-field of Saratoga, and another of a Highland sword found in a house in Cherry Street after the evacuation of New York.

Among other relics in this department are the spur worn by Major **ANDRE** at the time of his capture, and the sword carried by **LAFAYETTE** while in the service of the Colonies. The original bowie-knife—the first of its kind—is also exhibited. It was forged in a common blacksmith shop on the Red River, by James Bowie, who subsequently lost his life at the Alamo in 1836, and was used by him in the celebrated running-fight at Natchez, in 1828, where half a dozen persons were hacked to pieces. This knife was given by Bowie to its present possessor in gratitude for kindness to him when wounded. The relics of the war of 1812 consist of the flags of the British ships *Cyane*, *Frolic*, *Peacock*, and *Highflyer*—all contributed from the collection of the United States Naval School at Newport.

Among the rebel curiosities on exhibition are two flags bearing the "Southern Cross;" a piece of the flag that was found flying on the State House at Baton Rouge; and another flag captured by a naval officer, bearing this motto:

> "Our cause is just, our duty
> we know;
> In God we trust, to battle
> we go."

There are also bits of shell, grape-shot, and projectiles, hats and caps, over-coats and pay-rolls, telegraph-wires, boarding-pikes and mail-bags—all of which were once rebel property, and now speak to the fathers and mothers of our brave volunteers of the dangers through which they are passing in defense of liberty and good government.

Several views of the interior of Libey Prison and of the exterior of Ligon's Tobacco Factory at Richmond, the Jail at Columbia, South Carolina, and Castle Pinckney, at Charleston, have a similar interest to visitors, many of whom, no doubt, have had friends in those habitations of rebel cruelty.

THE GOVERNESS AT SHANNON-LEIGH.

I.

"WHAT is her name, did you say? Oh! Katherine, spelled with a K. Humph."

"Oh, you think that is sentimental, fanciful, I suppose! *I* think it is good taste. Why shouldn't we go back to the pure old English when we can?"

"That's it, Sid. Let's have a lecture at once here, in this ball-room, upon æsthetics."

"Duke, what a villianous mood you are in to-night. Come, let me introduce you to Miss Rothes. I'll promise that she'll exorcise the demon you've got behind your eyes, though her Katherine *is* spelled with a K."

"My demon won't be exorcised to-night, then."

"You won't be introduced?"

"No, I won't be introduced."

"Doesn't she please you; don't you think her handsome?"

"Bah! doesn't she please me; don't I think her handsome? It is edifying to hear you high-minded, transcendental fellows talk sometimes; you put yourselves quite on a par with us sinners. Doesn't she please me now, and don't I think her handsome! Suppose I had offered up some dark-eyed houri to you in that manner, George, wouldn't you have opened upon me with hints of my sultanic way of approaching women? Wouldn't you have asked me if that was the chief charm—the first, the final attraction—the pretty flesh and blood of her?"

"Duke, the demon is particularly unruly to-night. What ails you, old fellow?"

"What ails me? Poverty ails me, and twenty thousand other wickednesses. You ask me to be introduced to that Princess Katherine there. I'm a fit subject for her!"

"Why not? Miss Rothes is a fashionable girl, but she's a sensible one; she doesn't choose her company for the amount of their possessions."

"Sid, what have I to do with such lovely things as women and flowers? They are the luxuries of life. I can't afford even the contemplation of luxuries now; it isn't good for me."

"You are morbid, and exaggerate, Duke."

"Oh, do I? Let us see. Here am I, five-and-thirty to-day, with four children on my hands, and just means enough to keep their bodies and souls together, and provide a second-rate governess to teach them manners, morals, and religion. You'd advise me to lower my lance at this Princess Katherine, I dare say, and ask her if she wouldn't like to bestow her hand and fortune upon a fellow in need; to go there and take charge of those four young ones, who are like so many young savages; to help restore order and harmony to Shannon-Leigh, where there is nothing but decay and ruin and neglect. You wouldn't like to make me a visit now, Sid, at Christmas. We keep but one servant—Mrs. Gill, who manages somehow. One servant and two fires. How many of both were there, Sid, when you spent the holidays there? You'd black your own boots if you went down now; and if the Colbys should invite you over to a Christmas party, you'd look in vain for flowers in the conservatory to carry to Miss Louisa. I believe Mrs. Gill—you remember Mrs. Gill?—she was the housekeeper then, and calls herself a servant now. She's my best friend after all. I believe she'd make me the best wife. She's a faithful creature who believes in her Bible, and mends the children's clothes and their bad ways at the same time. Why shouldn't I ask her the question, some fine morning, that Robert Hall, the famous English divine, asked his housekeeper."

"Eh, what was that? I have forgotten."

"She came in with the breakfast things, and he met her with:

"'Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'Betty, do you love me?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"They were married forthwith."

Sid Chalmers, gay, happy, and prosperous, could scarcely understand this bitter, scornful talk. He knew well enough the facts of the case: that Duke Shannon, otherwise Marmaduke Shannon, had met with serious misfortune. That he had lost his wife, a beautiful, brilliant creature Sid remembered well—not by death, but by that greatest tragedy of domestic life, flight with another. And almost at the same time a fine property had suddenly melted away in the villainous keeping of his man of business, and Duke Shannon, of Shannon-Leigh, who had spent all his life as he listed, with books, and art, and travel, and social intercourse; who had never concerned himself about the making of money, only the spending of it; found himself brought to the limits of a slender pittance, and of all his houses and lands but one remaining for the shelter of himself and his deserted children. These were the facts—bitter facts enough; but young Chalmers was disqualified from judgment of their effect, as well by temperament as by circumstances. He, serene, easy, tranquil-natured, could never have been so hard and sardonic under any trial of life. He might have been saddened into melancholy, but he never would have known such savage discontent as this of Duke Shannon. Katherine Rothes, flying down the room to the numbers of a waltz, caught the glances of these two as they discussed her.

She thought: "I wonder who it is that Sid Chalmers has with him to-night."

Katherine, who had more people to think of than she could well remember, could not help thinking of this stranger Sid Chalmers had with him. And it was little wonder, for Duke Shannon was a remarkable-looking person. Specially striking as he stood there in that brilliant ball-room, where even the men in their dark broadcloth had a fête appearance in the freshness and finish of their apparel; for in contrast, this gloomy face glowered out from the heavy tossed masses of hair that fell upon his forehead; and the stalwart figure, that by every movement betrayed the grace of an accomplished gentleman, was clothed carelessly and somewhat roughly in an ordinary traveling suit. The hands, too, which now and then brushed back the falling hair or made slight gesture, were ungloved, but they were carefully kept, white and elegant as they might have been when Duke Shannon sat at noblemen's tables, and pledged his hostess over the costly wine; for in so far was Duke Shannon the native gentleman, that no degradation, no misfortune would have interfered with these simple services of refinement.

As he stood there he not only looked surly and bitter, but he had a dissolute appearance. The eyes were sunken, and the whole expression and aspect of his face was haggard and exhausted.

"What a pity!" thought Katherine Rothes. "There is a man who ought to have been something fine and splendid, but who is throwing his life away." So Miss Rothes passed judgment.

At length it came Sid Chalmers's time to dance with her. He went away from dismal Duke Shannon, who had given his kind heart a sympathetic ache, to this bright, gay girl, as he would go from stormy night to cloudless day. But the first question she asked was: "Who *is* that dark man?" And she made Sid tell her the whole story. "And why don't you introduce him to me?" she asked, looking at Sid inquiringly.

Sid colored fiercely, and bright Kate Rothes, looking at him, understood. She laughed and bit her lips. "I see, I see," she said; "you have been proposing me for an introduction, and the gentleman declines." Her head nodded once or twice in conclusion, as if she were fixing the fact in her mind.

Then Sid tried to make her comprehend how this unfortunate man, with his cares and struggles and griefs, had no heart for forming new acquaintances. It is doubtful whether Sid Chalmers comprehended half so well as Katherine Rothes all the time. Katherine's nature had some of the quick, sensitive elements which go a great way in bringing comprehension, even about matters where experience has been lacking. "He ought to have an office under Government, or something of that sort," went on Sid. "Why, he ought to be a minister to a foreign court. He'd represent the country splendidly," Sid kept on, warmly. "But no: he's so bitter and proud, he just takes himself out of the way and toils at that dingy brokerage in Wall Street; and he's no more made for business than a dog is made for singing. He doesn't understand; he has no interest in their thousand-and-one ins and outs."

And Katherine, with her kind heart and her keen relish for any thing beyond the usual routine of fashionable life, listened interestedly to every thing Sid said about this curious story; and perhaps the next night, when some one else talked to her of one of their friends, she would listen as attentively, and forget Duke Shannon and his history. But this night, at least, he piqued her curiosity and occupied her thoughts. As she stood while Sid Chalmers put on her white silk cloak, she said to him, archly, lifting her bright face to look at him, as he bent over her:

"I'm convinced that some time or other I am to know this ungallant friend of yours in spite of his refusal. You know I am very prophetic. Don't go and tell him now every word I say: but it is fated that we shall meet; remember what I say."

This was all spoken with a laugh; and Sid knew that it came from the gay, high spirits which the hour, and the scene, and the music inspired; but it somehow made him feel grave. Long after he remembered not only what she had charged him, but the very look of her bright face, with its least tinge of pride, which her prosperous, happy fortune had never developed. It was the last time that he saw her that season. But he little conjectured it to be the last. He thought as he had said: "I shall see you to-morrow."

But that to-morrow found Katherine Rothes hastening to the summons of her dying father. The season at Newport was over for her. She did not return to those lovely shores for many and many a day.

II.

"IT is my only opportunity, Sara. I must go."

"Come with me and wait a while, Kate."

Katherine Rothes's eyes filled with tears.

"I have waited, Sara; it is six months since I began to look out for a situation. If I wait much longer I shall not have money enough to bear the expenses of the journey."

"Oh, Kate!"

Katherine knew well what Sara Fielding meant by that vehement exclamation, but Katherine was too proud to be helped when she could help herself; too proud for Sara Fielding to offer more than hint and suggestion.

"And you ought to get a better salary, Kate. To think of your going to such an out-of-the-way place, and such a Bluebeard for the master of it, too."

"Who told you so much about the master, Sara?"

"Mary Kingston. She visited somewhere in the neighborhood last summer, and heard all about him. She says he never calls any where, and two or three times when the neighbors called upon *him*, he was actually rude, almost insulting to them, and plainly intimated that he preferred to be left alone. He comes tearing down from the city every Saturday night, and instead of going to church with his poor motherless children, he goes riding about the country with a parcel of dogs at his heels, and sits up half the night when he is back again, drinking and smoking. And more than all, there is a report that he is going to marry one of the servants. Now, Katy dear, I do think it's a risk to go into such a place—I wouldn't. Why, Mary said that the last governess there didn't get enough to eat, and they never have fires enough in the winter."

"Sara, did you ever know a man or a woman to live much to themselves without Mrs. Grundy's taking offense, and making mountains out of mole-hills in her stories about them? I dare say this is something of the case in the present instance."

But though Katherine offered such calm explanation of the difficulty, she by no means felt the ease and confidence she expressed. To tell the truth she was really disturbed and depressed, and a little dismayed at the prospect before her; but she was, nevertheless, determined to go. As she had said, it was six months since she had made up her mind, or rather since she had come to the knowledge that it was necessary for her to work for her daily bread.

"Has she come to that?" was the curious query of one of her summer-time friends when they heard that Katherine Rothes was seeking for a situation as governess. Yes, she had come to that—she, the gay, brilliant heiress of last summer, had come to this dire necessity for a woman!

Hastening home from the sea-shore at the summons of her father, she had arrived in time to hear him say:

"Kate, I am leaving you when you need me most—three months longer and I should have had every thing arranged, and the property would have been doubled."

He got no further, the agony of what he contemplated for her brought on the crisis of his disease, and in half an hour after these words she was an orphan. When his affairs were examined, it was found that some new and splendid venture, which his clear, subtle intellect had planned and would have executed successfully if life had been spared, was now, in its inextricable involvement, bringing ruin upon the whole property. When Mr. Scranton, the lawyer, told Katherine this, she knew what her father had meant by those last words. But it took months to settle every thing, and to bring Katherine, who had never known any thing but the most lavish luxury, to a knowledge of her situation. As she sits there talking with Sara Fielding, one of those rare persons who do not, through either carelessness or any other selfishness, lose sight of friends who have "ceased to sit in the sun"—she fully realizes her situation; fully realizes that she is about to pledge herself to a life of unknown toil amidst strangers. And Sara, with the best intentions, only puts another stone in her rugged path, only gives her another pain and fear when she tells her dismal story of the place and its master. But it does not move her determination. For six months she has advertised, she has made applications, and answered both; the result of all is, that only this one that is now under discussion with them seems in the least feasible, the least objectionable. It was an advertisement that she had read in the *Advertiser*, just a simple statement that a governess was wanted for four children, who could teach the common English branches, with French and music. The salary was $300 per annum. The address given was: "Mr. Shannon, firm of Shannon & Greaves, Wall Street. Now as Katherine read this name she did not once recall that summer night so many months ago when she listened to Sid Chalmers's story. Forgetfulness of names was one of her peculiarities, and the intervening time had been so crowded with bitter loss and trial that it was enough of itself to overlay older memories than this story of Chalmers's; and Sid himself was not near to recall it for her. Directly after that summer season he had sailed for winter-quarters at Jamaica.

So she sent her letter with its references to the address specified, and received a brief but satisfactory answer, giving the location of Shannon-Leigh, and directions for reaching it.

She examined the handwriting of this letter with a good deal of curiosity. It was very unlike a business-hand, open and clear—the strokes were firm but delicate; there was no waste of ink; and the free, flowing, connected style suggested more an elegant man of letters than one whose pen was employed at a commercial desk. The brief wording, too, was that of a gentleman, formal though it was. Katherine caught at this indication of civilization as a straw of comfort; Sara, less wise, laughed at her for it, suggesting "that a domestic fiend could have the exterior of a polished gentleman. Indeed the worst of tyrants, the most dissolute of men, were those who had fallen from a high place." But not even this moved Katherine from her decision, though it made her going harder.

It was a dark, dull day in February when she arrived at the last station. The rest of the journey was to be by private conveyance—only a few miles; but night was fast closing in, and every thing was so new and strange to poor Kate, who had never in all her life traveled without careful companionship. She found, too, that there was no carriage in waiting for her, and that it was rather unusual for a passenger to require attendance to Shannon-Leigh.

"Shannon-Leigh?" and the ticket-master looked curiously at her. "Well, I dunno. Jim, go down to Bates's, and see if he can send a lady over to Shannon-Leigh. Any baggage, mum?"

He looked at her again as she told him the number of her trunks, and Katherine felt her face flush uncomfortably. It was quite dark when the carriage appeared, and the whole way she tried to reason herself out of the dismal forebodings that assailed her. Why hadn't she listened to Sara's warning voice, was her first thought as she entered the carriage. Then she essayed her old determined reasoning without much success. And in this manner the weary way was accomplished, and she finds herself at Shannon-Leigh. She dimly discerns a great house as they drive up the wide avenue, but no ray of light any where to give it warmth and cheer. But as the driver gives a vigorous ring at the bell there appears through the great ground-glasses of the side-windows a faint radiance, which presently develops into the glaring flame of a candle as the door opens. It was a large, hard-visaged woman who stood before her, and her face was full of cold question.

"I am the new governess; did you not expect me?" Katherine asked, abruptly, and with some hauteur, for she was getting her spirit roused by this time.

"Mr. Shannon didn't say when you were coming," was the explanatory answer; and she turned civilly enough for Katherine to enter, and was showing her where to go, when Katherine stopped her with:

"Will you tell one of the men-servants I should like my trunks in my room immediately?"

"There's no men-servants now at Shannon-Leigh, Miss; I'm the only one, man or woman," was the sharp reply to this request.

And then Katherine heard her giving directions to her charioteer outside, and presently saw her assisting him, in a strong, helpful way, about the trunks.

There was only a single candle left her to light her room, and in the open wood-grate there was no vestige of fuel, and the register at the side of the fire-place was cold as a stone.

Katherine's spirits, which had roused at the carelessness of her reception, fell now at this desolate prospect. Chilled, and weary, and faint with hunger, she at last broke down, and burst into tears. A knock at the door startled her. She turned her back to the light and Mrs. Gill entered with towels.

"Could I have a fire in my room?" asked Katherine, as composedly as she could.

Mrs. Gill stared at her; and the grim visage grew more forbidding.

"A fire! Miss MacCunn hadn't a fire the whole winter she was here."

"But I must have a fire every day," answered Katherine, quickly.

"Every day? Miss, I don't know where 'twill come from. I've had the last stick cut from Shannon woods I ever mean to, and what money we get will never go far if we make fires out of it every day for the bedrooms. You've come to a poor place, Miss; you might as well know first as last. 'Twasn't always so. Shannon-Leigh was kept up in fine fashion once, but every thing's changed now; the money's gone. I do what I can with what I get, and that's all any body can do."

This was said with a scowling defiance that took away half the force of truth, which would have given it the dignity of simplicity.

Katherine did not know whether to pity or dislike this strange, unprepossessing speaker, but said to her less hastily and indignantly than before:

"I must have a fire, and will pay for it myself. I will only trouble you to give the order to some countryman for a supply of wood."

The woman gave her a scrutinizing look and left the room. By-and-by, as she stood brushing her hair, another knock came upon the door; and there entered a boy of perhaps eleven or twelve, large of his age, and roughly clad in coarse, gray cloth, but with an air like a young prince, as he flung his cap down and deposited the basket of wood he carried upon the hearth. This uncovering of his head was the only recognition of her presence that he gave; and Katherine watched him curiously as he proceeded to build a fire in the grate. As the blaze sprung up the boy involuntarily held out his hands, which were red and marred by outdoor exposure, but shapely in form and graceful in gesture.

He was going, when Katherine detained him by asking: "You are Master Shannon, I presume." A pair of black eyes lifted to her face, perused it slowly for a moment, then took an inventory of her figure, before he answered that he was Ralph Shannon. The voice was cold, the manner sullen, but Katherine could not help being interested in him, he was so haughtily handsome, and with that singular, unboy-like tinge of the pride of broken fortunes.

She was presently summoned to tea by Mrs. Gill herself, who conducted her into a room whose depth and space looked gloomy and desolate by the light of the one candle, which flared from a stately silver candlestick in the centre of the table. It had been a handsome room once, with its crimson draperies and damask-laid furniture; but constant use without any renewing had worn and marred its pristine elegance. But Katherine gave these details only a cursory glance. What interested her most were the four faces that were clustered about the fire. Ralph's first, locked and haughty in expression; next him, a girl a little younger than he, as coarsely clad in a dark woolen gown, but as active and talkative as her brother was moody and silent. Her straight figure, her delicate face, round which a mass of flaxen hair curled in disorderly ringlets, looked pretty even in her dark, ill-made dress; and a little flippant tongue was busy in some teasing talk as Katherine entered. Down on the hearth a smaller girl, dark as Ralph, was busy thrusting splinters of wood between the bars of the grate; and standing beside her was another boy, a pale, thin elf, whose magnificent blue eyes alone redeemed him from ugliness. They all turned as the door opened and Mrs. Gill entered with Katherine, and the two elder bowed their heads as Mrs. Gill informed them, by way of introduction, what they had known before, that this was their new governess.

"What's her name?" loudly whispered the elf upon the hearth to his sister.

"My name is Miss Rothes," answered Katherine, smiling in spite of herself.

"Every one we've had before had a Mac to her name: there was MacCunn, and MacNeil, and MacLean," remarked the little dark girl, without looking up.

The fair girl giggled and tossed her head, whereat Ralph frowned and muttered something under his breath.

As they took their places at the table, Ralph at the head and his oldest sister opposite, Katherine noticed that they did it in an easy manner, as if such was their natural custom. The table, too, was well appointed; there was both silver and glass, and the china was of India. There was also plenty of food, of a homely character, and well cooked; and Mrs. Gill, whom the children called Gilley, waited in grim propriety.

This evening was a pretty good indication to Katherine of what she might expect. They were confidential, sympathetic, companionable to each other as their tempers were; they seemed to have no distrust among themselves, no enmities or quarrels beyond a little teasing; but to an outsider they were cold, or sullen, or flippant—in a word, unapproachable. They seemed to look upon her specially, or upon her office, as one to distrust.

That first week was a sore trial to her—gently bred and gently cared for—and at the end came the master of Shannon-Leigh.

III.

It was Sunday morning, and Katherine went down little thinking whom she was going to meet. She opened the door of the breakfast-room, which was the only room, besides the kitchen and her own room, where fires were kept, and which was consequently breakfast, dining, and school room; and, thanks to Mrs. Gill's vigorous efforts, always in remarkable order.

As Katherine opened the door that Sunday morning she saw standing by the fire a gentleman, whose dark haggard face, whose careless grace of figure, struck her as oddly familiar. He lifted his head, tossing back heavy masses of black hair, and came forward. For a moment, as he greeted her with the habitual manner of common courtesy, his eagle eye scanned her with closest scrutiny. Then the children came trooping in, and he turned to them. Arriving late the previous night, this was his first meeting with them. Katherine was curious to see this strange family salute its head and master. Ralph, who was before the others, went up to his father and put out his hand. There was an eager, excited look in the boy's face, Katherine could not tell then whether of pain or pleasure. Mr. Shannon held the smaller hand in his own a second; then, with half a smile, said, "I've brought down a new book for you, Ralph."

Floy, the graceful golden-haired girl, here stepped up, her *insouciance* a trifle subdued, and looking more womanly and lovelier than Katherine had ever seen her yet. There was a beautiful bright color in her rounded cheeks, and her soft silk hair was put into exquisite order. She had put on, too, over her dark dress, a white cambric apron, with cross-capes, whose fine ruffling gave her an indescribable air of womanly decoration. As Mr. Shannon's eyes met this pretty picture his face grew cold and hard, and with the least touch of her hand he turned from her to the two younger, Maud and Richard. These two only he bent and kissed, specially observant of Maud, the little dark girl, who chattered, without the least fear of him, when it pleased her, about her rabbits, her cats, and the fine white mice Gilly's cousin had brought her. As she talked, and Mr. Shannon answered her in a half-jeering, sarcastic manner, which would have daunted some children, Katherine, looking at him, wondered vaguely. Suddenly he ceased this banter, raised his eyes to Floy, who was playing off her pretty teasing airs and jests upon sullen Ralph, with a stern look which spoke plainly as a command. Floy desisted with painful blushes and tears of vexation. Ralph's glance seemed to meet his father's in deprecation, but it was met by another glance and a gesture of the white, elegant hand, which put away all deprecation to his will. That gesture, that stern, half-savage look! As Katherine met them the mist of forgetfulness floated away, and she heard the intoning of a German waltz, and met the blue eyes of Sid Chalmers beaming beside a darker, gloomier pair. She heard, too, that strange sad story told over again, and remembered with wonder her last words to Sid as they parted. It was impossible to tell whether the moody self-contained man who sat before her remembered her as well. He was polite to her; but his cold, absent manner, unless he made some observation directly to her, which was seldom, seemed utterly forgetful of her. He passed the day mostly in his room, and walking over the place with Ralph. Early on Monday morning he was off, before they were down stairs. So week after week went by, bringing the same presence, almost the same routine of action. To Floy, who grew day by day in beauty, his conduct was inexplicable from Katherine's point of observation; and more than once she had been roused to some expression, either by manner or her treatment of the child when her father was specially harsh or oppressive. At these times Mr. Shannon's eagle glance would fall upon her with piercing intensity; but Katherine did not blench.

Once, as the spring approached, Floy came in from a walk home from church, where she had been alone that morning, and Katherine, sitting by the window, saw that she had a companion with her—a stripling of fifteen perhaps, who paid her boyish admiration of look, and for whom Floy was putting on all her little graces and airs—a miniature woman in every gesture and expression. Katherine looked up, smiling; but the view she caught of Mr. Shannon's face, who from the other window was also observant of this scene, struck her with indignation. It was full of passion—bitter, angry passion—and a certain shuddering scorn. But as the girl came into the room Katherine's indignation broke bounds while she listened to the scathing severity of reproof which was administered. The words were not only severe, but humiliating. They seemed to accuse the child of worse than childish vanity. Scared and bewildered, poor Floy burst into passionate tears, and ran sobbing from the room.

In her haughtiest tone, with something of that old manner of state which once used to rise up on occasions, Katherine said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Shannon, this child is yours, but she is also placed under my care; and I can not see injustice like this done without a protest."

"You think I have been unjust to her?"

There was that in his tone, a mocking devil of sarcasm that roused her still more. She burst out vehemently:

"I think, Sir, that you are cruel and ungenerous to her!"

He stooped down from his height and picked up the review he had dropped. When he lifted his face again to view it was cool and passionless, and he said, coldly: "I am the best judge of her character." His tone and manner seemed to dismiss the subject. Katherine was so incensed against him, so sympathetic with the wild burst of grief that had sent poor Floy away, that she could have cried herself. Her thoughts following the culprit, she rose up with the object of going to comfort her in some way. Mr. Shannon must have read her purpose in her face, for as she moved to the door he stepped forward and put a detaining hand upon her arm, saying, as he did so,

"Miss Rothes, I must insist that you will not interfere by any consolation with my management of Florence."

"I had no intention of interference, Mr. Shannon," she returned, haughtily; "I trust that I can discriminate between needful kindness and partisanship, and I hope that I should never be guilty of the sin of alienating a child from its parent."

There was meaning asperity in this concluding sentence which struck home to her hearer. He drew back, his dark, haggard face more haggard than before, and only said: "You do not understand."

After this, for some weeks, there was a better atmosphere. Either Mr. Shannon saw no cause for reproof, or he was warned into forbearance by the outbreak of that Sunday. Gloomy and abstracted as he was, Katherine could not help seeing that the children were more or less attracted to him and fond of him; and as she saw more of him she perceived that beneath his rough or jeering manner there was somewhere good. Proud and fastidious as he was, fond of all refinements and elegance, she saw him wear coarse and threadbare garments while he brought home to Ralph some costly book, into whose mysteries of Latin or Greek he himself inducted the boy; and once, when the eight-years-old Maud had wept the loss of her only doll, he had remembered to bring home to her a pretty Parisian substitute at the end of the week.

To Katherine herself he had relaxed something of his silence—nothing of his coldness. But pacing up and down the room, or at the table, he would gravely enter into conversation with her about books, or any abstract question, never a word of the society they had both left. In these conversations she got glimpses of a mind original and cultivated, and now and then flashes of wit and humor that indicated what this man might once have been, under happier influences; of Mary Kingston's account of him, and her own estimate when she first met him, she saw little corroboration. Gloomy, stern, and unjust she had seen him, but never coarse, brutal, or dissolute.

June at length came, making the desolate fields and the wild neglected garden of Shannon-Leigh full of blossoming beauty. As these soft days approached the master of Shannon-Leigh fell into the habit of coming home in an earlier train; and wandering about in the woods, his face grew softer under the soft spell of the days; and his mood relaxed a little of its gloom and bitterness. At times he would appear to Katherine and the children as they sat botanizing under some old elm; and the remarks or suggestions he would make were invariably full of keen, subtle knowledge.

Up to this time Katherine had seen no visitor enter the house; but one night, as she strolled home from a late walk with Ralph, who was really attaching himself to her, she heard new tones floating from the open window. New yet familiar. She went in, and somebody came forward in the twilight with outstretched hands.

"What, Sid Chalmers!"

"What, Katherine Rothes!"

And he held her hands for a moment, looking down upon her out of his kind eyes with an expression of sympathy that made Katherine think of all the time since she had seen him last. When lights were brought Sid exclaimed, in his honest way,

"How thin you are, Katherine!"

She colored under all the thoughts his words brought, and, looking up, caught the keen eyes of Mr. Shannon fastened upon her. Hastening to turn the conversation she asked,

"Did you know that I was here?"

"Know? To be sure. Sara Fielding told me."

Then he looked from her to his host in a speculative sort of way.

"How odd it all is!" was his remark, after a moment. Here Mr. Shannon walked out of the room, to Katherine's great relief; and in her long talk with Sid he was made to understand how utterly she had forgotten his friend and their talk about him, until she found herself an inmate of his house.

"I came unbidden, you know, Katherine; Duke is too proud to invite guests now; but I heard that you were here, and I meant to see you."

This unbidden guest brought brightness and gayety with him. In his genial presence Katherine found something of her old sparkle. With him she talked about the people they knew. With him she sung again, letting her lovely voice out along the sweet measures of her old songs. With him she walked through the woods of Shannon-Leigh, coming back with the olden bloom tinting her cheeks.

Mr. Shannon came home now every night while his guest staid, but his mood was gloomy, and he looked pale and care-worn. Mrs. Gill's face as she regarded him, Katherine observed, was anxious. Mrs. Gill was no longer hard and distrustful of the new governess. She had discovered that she was a lady, and her heart had melted gradually to her with this discovery, and still more when the children, one by one, came over to their allegiance to her. Mrs. Gill was as faithful as Birk the mastiff. She had lived in the Shannon family for years, and known Ralph as a baby. When their fortunes went down she stepped without loss of dignity from her sole position as housekeeper and took up all the cares of the household; and nothing could move her from her purpose. She was a strong, hard-featured woman, but her heart was of gold.

"The master's running down," she said to Katherine. "There's a hungry look in his eye, and his mouth is getting drawn."

Katherine went back to the parlor and looked to see these signs. He was standing listening to his guest, his dark face fully revealed in the sunset glow. As she looked Mrs. Gill's words seemed prophetic.

Sid ceased talking as she approached. Putting out his hand as she was passing, with one of those gentle, gracious movements of his, he drew her arm in his and led her to the piano.

"Sing," he said, in a tone that made it entreaty. "I am going in the morning."

"In the morning?" she exclaimed, her voice expressing startled regret.

She sang; and leaning against the instrument, Sid Chalmers stood listening, his soul in his eyes. She had lost herself in memories as her voice went floating down "Agathe," when a child's long-drawn, gasping sob smote her ear. She lifted her head and saw a vision that made her voice falter. Floy, scarlet and quivering under the stern eyes, the severe words of her father, who stood before her in the hall beyond the parlor, his face expressing so much of angry, bitter passion that Katherine's soul sickened. In a moment she obeyed an impulse, and rising from her seat left the room, with a hasty "Wait for me, I will come back soon," to her companion. The feeling that had sickened her soul caused her to close the door between him and the scene she approached. Mr. Shannon was unobservant of her until she stood before him. Then he started back a step, and in a hoarse voice and with an authoritative gesture, he said,

"Go to your room, Florence, and remain there until I send for you."

As Floy disappeared he wheeled round to Katherine with bent brows. "Miss Rothes!" Katherine shrank from him with an involuntary motion, and burst into tears. He flung his head up. "Good Heaven! have I been such a brute, then?" he exclaimed, in horror-struck tones. "But you do not know. Come in here for a moment." He opened the door of an apartment she had never seen entered, and stood aside for her to pass in. It looked like a lady's boudoir, long since deserted; for on the mirrors and work-stand there was thick dust, and the draperies had an odor of mildew and mould. He walked across the room to a picture that hung shaded by a piece of damask, and turned it to the light. It was a woman's face, of whom Florence's was the exact resemblance. There was a moment's pause while Katherine made her observation. Then he went on hastily, as though a necessity urged him: "You know my history—all the world who has heard the name of Duke Shannon knows it!" with a bitter emphasis of stung pride. "You are at no loss, then, to conjecture whose face this represents. You see for yourself where the resemblance lies, but you do not see the deeper and more fatal points of resemblance. You do not see that with every turn of the head, every trick of vanity, every taste for decoration and display, even the pretty wiles which win *you* to affection, I detect those sure and fatal signs of weakness which led her mother to her ruin. God knows, I may be faulty in my treatment of these evidences in the child; but I tried gentleness and forbearance *once;* and now, if I err on the other side, Heaven help me!

"Do you wonder that I bring you here, where no one but myself has been for years—that I tell you what I have never told before? Do you think it is to exonerate myself from blame, to make your judgment of me less harsh?" He stopped a second, bending down upon her a gaze that held her thrilled by its passionate intensity. "It is not because I care for blame or exoneration from you as Miss Rothes, the governess of my children; it is because I care what pain I may have inflicted upon the heart of Katherine Rothes, because it adds the last drop of bitterness to my life to think that she may hold me as a causeless tyrant. Go now, Katherine Rothes—go back to where your lover and my friend awaits you. Go away from my accursed house—as you will—and make this man's happiness. I do not complain; it is my fate. I told him long since, when he proposed your acquaintance, that there was danger in it. Some instinct warned me even then."

His look did not seek hers now; he only turned to open the door for her. But Katherine had forgotten to rise, forgotten what was expected of her by any womanly caution. A white dizziness of emotion had passed over her, blinding her eyes with tears. He caught that look; caught that vivid soft flame that suffused her soft cheek with its scarlet, and the next moment he was bending over her, his dark face glowing with surprised emotion.

"Is it so, Katherine? is it so? Has this heaven of love come to *me?*"

At first naught else but this heaven of love in his accents; then, in the last sad emphasis, the remembrance of his narrowed life, the cares, the struggles, the deprivations; all these rose up as impassable barriers. But he held her clasped closely against his breast while he said: "So—stay with me for a moment, Katherine, before you go."

The passionate pathos of his voice aroused her to his sorrowful meaning. She lifted her head; her eyes met his; a smile broke softly the sweet line of her lips. Eyes and smile, what new meaning did they give him! What hope, and strength, and determination did they awaken from that pall of pride which had shut him in!

"What! Katherine Rothes married to Duke Shannon? I thought he had turned misanthrope, had buried himself alive in a Wall Street office, where he was surly as a lord, and proud as a beggar if any one chanced to unearth him."

Sid Chalmers looked wistfully out toward the great sea that flowed before him, and when his voice fell in answer it was with a melancholy musing tone.

"Yes, Duke Shannon was all that until *she* came. She conquered all his sullen pride, his misanthropy, and made him believe in life again. Not a year ago he was lost to interest of any kind. Stunned, as it were, by his bitter misfortunes, he would not put out his hand to seek or take. Now—well, you knew that he had got that appointment to Munich? It's a fine thing for him, I am told."

But Sid Chalmers, sitting there calmly viewing the distant sails, told no one that he had rejected this very appointment to suggest "one who would fill it much more creditably"—these were his generous, modest words; and Duke Shannon, when he thanked him for this suggestion, believed that Sid was glad to escape the post to which he was hastening. Yet not a year ago Sid Chalmers had made bright plans about his life there; had fancied himself hastening away as eagerly as Duke Shannon, and in the self-same company.

But as he sits there viewing the distant sails he does not think of what *he* has done; he thinks of Katherine and that other summer when, in the pride of her beauty and fortune, she laughed at the avoidance of his gloomy friend, and, half in pique, made her playful prophecy thereat. And he thinks: "So the governess of Shannon-Leigh has the power to restore what Katherine Rothes the heiress could never have accomplished. And Katherine is happy—well."

And the distant sails fade out upon the far sea-line, and still others come and go, watched by those wistful eyes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MAXIMS BY OUR SAGE.

A sick dog isn't generally strengthened by a course of bark.

Men slip on water when it is frozen, and on whisky when it isn't.

Be careful of your table-talk. Do all your biting at table in biting your food. Don't be biting in your remarks.

It is often a pretty good matrimonial firm that consists of three-quarters wife and one quarter husband.

Quilp is a great admirer of children, and says he likes the crying ones best. A matron with a baby in her arms smiled at his odd fancy, and asked him the reason of it. "Why, you see, madam," observed Quilp, "I have observed in well-ordered families as soon as a child cries they carry it out of the room."

In a village church-yard in England there lies buried a young man who was killed by the fall of a piece of ice. His tombstone bears this inscription:

"Bless my i, i, i, i, i, i, i's,
Here he lies,
In a sad pickle,
Killed by an icicle,
In the year Anno Domini 1717."

An old bachelor says, of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the Widow Beans, after being told by her daughter Sally that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

Why does the letter R hold an enviable position?—Because it is never found in sin, but always in temperance, industry, virtue, and prosperity. It is the beginning of religion and the end of war.

The Whisky Duty.—Help yourself and pass the bottle.

The long head is never headlong.

Do you indorse a scoundrel when you make your mark upon his back?

A slow pulsation is the sign of a long life, not only in individuals but in lawsuits.

A cross wife, like the bird of Minerva, does most of her hooting at night.

A lady in Brooklyn is known to be so extremely humane that she will not allow even her carpets to be beaten; and was frightfully shocked on hearing a boy, who was relating a story about a donkey, tell his companion to cut his tale short; and she actually fainted away when a relative said he had been killing time.

Dr. Jasper Main, who lived in the reign of James I. of England, was celebrated as a scholar and a wit. He displayed through life a strong propensity for innocent raillery and practical jokes. Just before he expired he told his servant, who was sadly addicted to intemperance, that he had left him something that would make him drink. The servant, as soon as his master was dead, impatiently opened the legacy, expecting, of course, to find a heap of treasure; but, alas, his disappointment was great in finding nothing but a red herring!

A passage-at-arms between a police justice and a strong-minded woman has thus been recorded in rhyme:

"The brass upon your face," he said,
"Would make a brazen skillet."
"Your Honor's head," the wench replied,
"Has sap enough to fill it."

One man is as good as another, if not better. One woman is as bad as another, if not worse.

A crusty old bachelor, not liking a way his landlady's daughter had of appropriating his hair-oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the day before a ball to which the girl was invited, and she staid at home in consequence. It was a fiendish revenge.

A country editor, praising a successful politician, called him "one of the cleverest fellows that ever lifted a hat to a lady or a boot to a blackguard."

"Willy," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulders; "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh, I know," said Willy, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes; "that's my flannel shirt!"

A man seeing an oyster-vendor go by, called out, "Give me a pound of oysters." "We sell by measure, not by weight," was the oysterman's reply. "Very well," said the other, "then I'll take a yard of them."

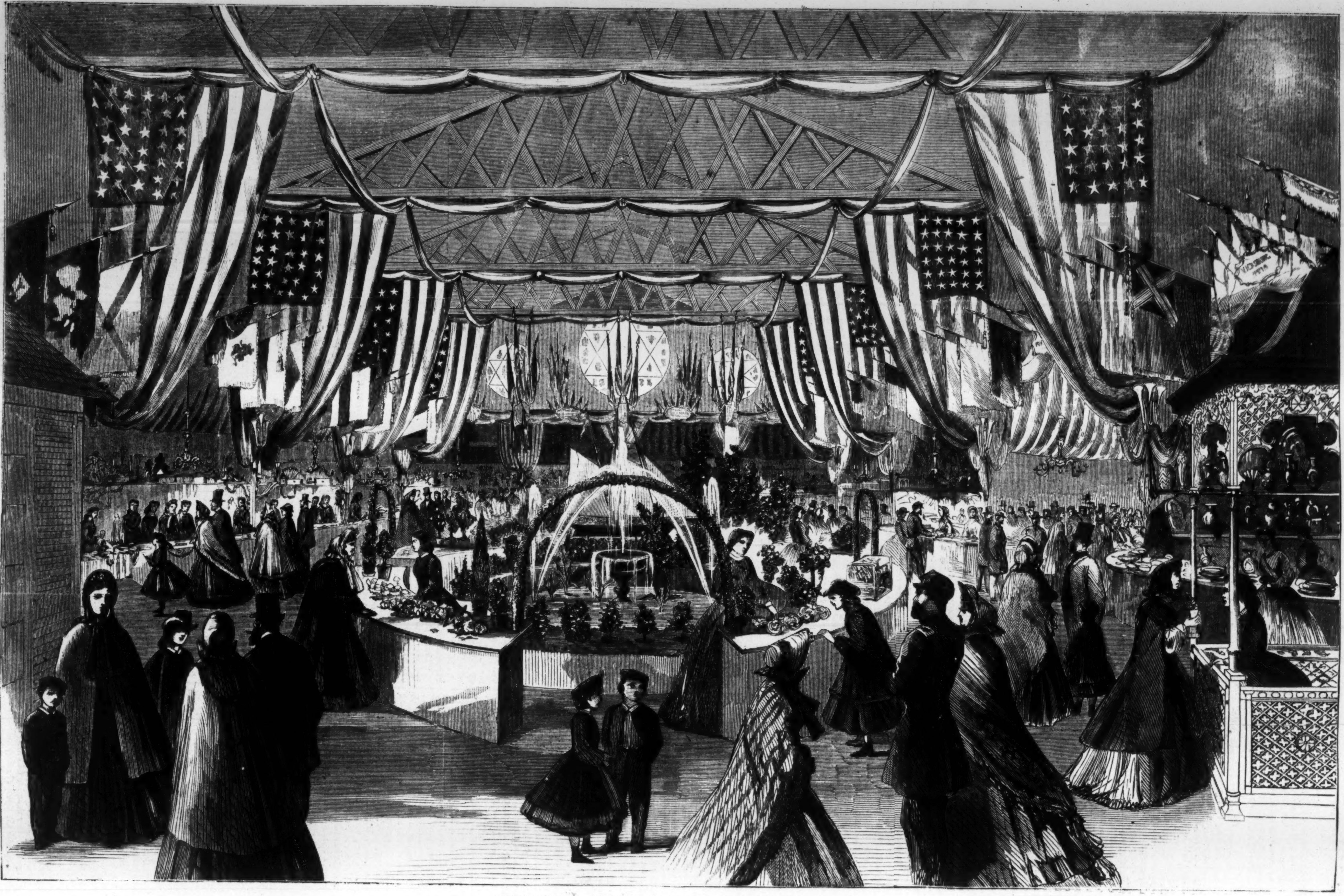
THE REAL TRIAL BY JURY.

Called away from avocations,
Worried by a day's vexations,
Dragged from home to go a distance,
From appealing no assistance,
No day's pay for that day's working,
Have to pay ten pounds for shirking,
Can not make the court prove lenient,
Though you say it's inconvenient;
For your loss of occupation
Not the slightest compensation;
Packed in box with dust that smothers,
Martyr with eleven others,
Coughing, wheezy, damp, and sneezy,
Space confined and forms uneasy;
Doomed to question and replying,
Temper all those hours trying;
Bored by speeches long and prosy,
Thinking of your fireside cozy:
These are things that, I assure ye,
Make a *real* Trial by Jury.

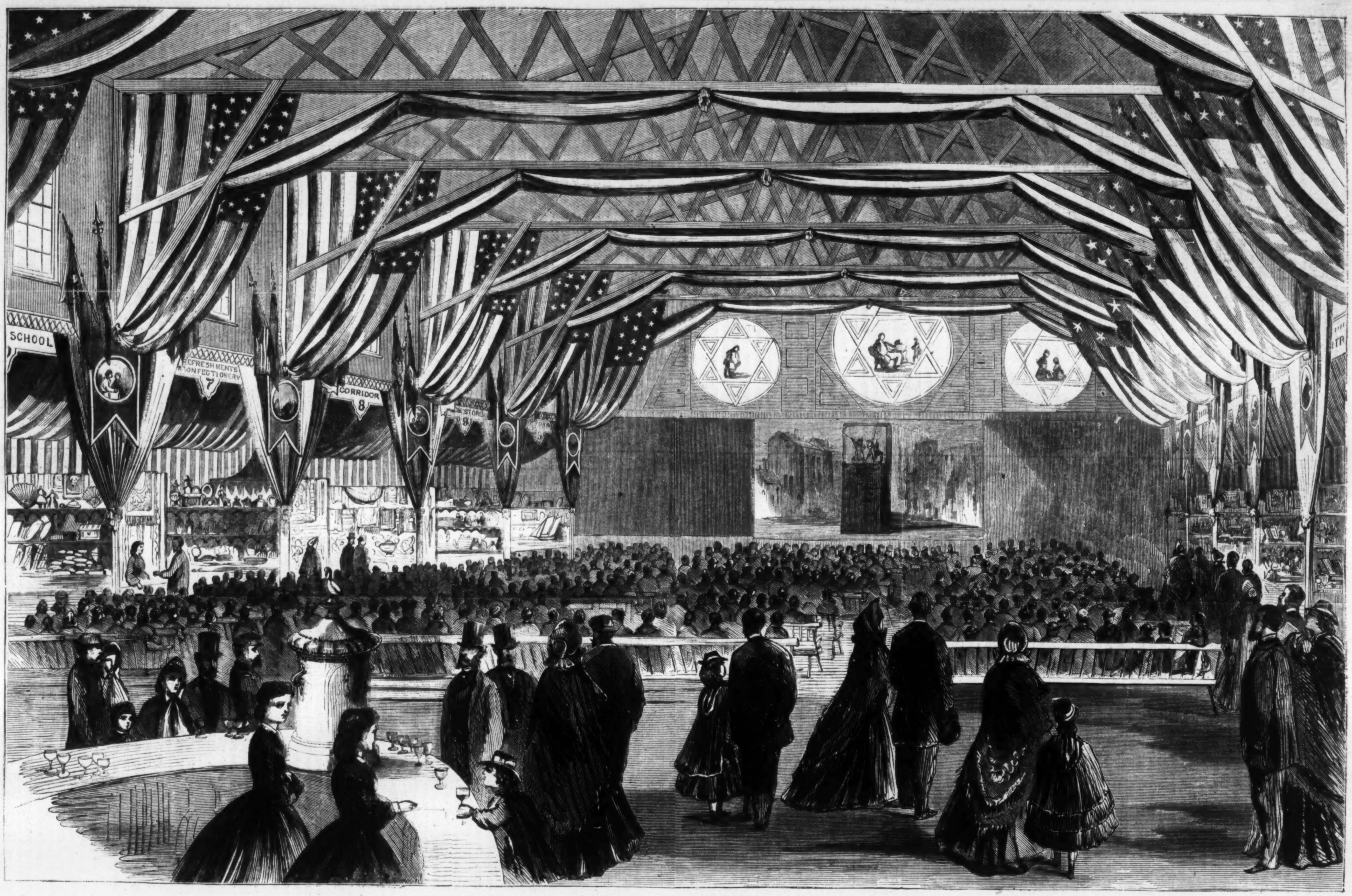
A lady occupying room letter B at a hotel wrote on the slate the following: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says, 'Let us be,' don't let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to call at half past seven." The porter, a better boot-black than orthographist, did not know at seven whether to wake "letter B" or "let her be."

An Irishman, in describing America, said, "I am told that you might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh-water oceans inside that ye might droun Ould Ireland in; and as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, and ye'd niver be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell o' whisky."

The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.



INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.


SCHOOL
REFRESHMENTS CONFECTIONERY
7
CORRIDOR
8

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR—THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, UNION SQUARE.—[See Page 269.]

LEAP-YEAR.

"Nothing but a private—a common private!"

It would be in vain to attempt to portray the Lady Macbethian scorn which curved Harriet Deane's lip as she spoke the sentence. John Carlyle, albeit he was quite conscious of not deserving the keen-edged contempt, quailed beneath it, nevertheless.

"But, Harriet—"

"Hush!" said the imperious beauty, holding up a warning finger, "I want to understand this matter. Gilbert Armour was promoted to be second lieutenant, was he not?"

"Yes."

"And you are his equal in all respects?"

"Yes."

"Might you not also have shared his honors?"

"I might, I suppose, Harriet," said the young soldier, fixing his calm dark eye upon her fair, flushed face, "if I had chosen to share them at the expense of poor Talcott, who earned his shoulder-straps long ago. They should have been his by every right, months since, but poverty and obscurity are not the best place-winners. Either Gilbert Armour or I must stand aside to see a wronged man righted. He did not choose to sacrifice promotion to a scruple. I did, Harriet—was I wrong?"

"Oh, of course, it's nothing to *me*," said Miss Deane. "You were perfectly right in consulting your own choice. Will you be good enough to hand me that work-basket?"

John Carlyle sat looking at the pretty creature around whom the love of his strong nature had been entwined with a fervor rare enough in these matter-of-fact days, in wistful perplexity. Shining auburn hair parted away from a low, pearl-pure brow—deep blue eyes, like the velvety petal of a pansy, and a mouth whose intense crimson reminded you of the inside leaves of a Lord Raglan rose—she was by no means disagreeable to look at, and Mr. Carlyle was quite sensible of the fact.

"Harry," he said, with an unconscious tremor in the syllables, "I came—"

"Excuse me, Sir," interposed Miss Deane, with studied ceremony. "I am particularly busy counting these stitches—if you would be so obliging as not to interrupt me!"

All unversed as he was in the devious windings of feminine nature, John Carlyle instinctively felt that this was no auspicious season for the furtherance of his suit.

"I'll try again to-night," he mused, walking homeward. "She won't be doing crochet-work forever, and I can not go away in such torturing suspense as this. She is vexed about the shoulder-straps; I wish, for her sake, I had them, yet I would not wear them tarnished by the faintest stain of injustice or dishonor!"

The clear January sky was jeweled with frosty stars, and the solemn old church-clock had just chimed nine from its dim belfry, when he entered the bright room with its mossy blue carpet and hangings of azure silk, and Parian statuettes hidden by vases of vivid crimson roses.

It was not empty, however, as he had hoped and expected. Lieutenant Armour stood in the middle of the apartment, decidedly conscious of his fine new shoulder-straps, and patronizing half a dozen pretty girls. He nodded laughingly to Carlyle, and went on with the sentence which the new arrival had interrupted.

"Leap-Year! to be sure it is. And I may as well state at once that I'm quite ready to receive any propositions you ladies may have to make."

"Nonsense, Gilbert!" said Mary Elphinstone, his cousin.

"Nonsense, eh? Well, I'm glad you consider it in that light—*I* don't! I think it's a great shame the girls don't avail themselves of their privilege, when we men are ready with our blushes and timid glances!"

He looked at Harry Deane as he spoke, half in earnest, half jestingly. John Carlyle's eye followed the direction of his, as by a sort of fascination, and saw the rose-tint mounting to Harry's cheek, and the purple-blue eyes hidden by their white lids.

How long he stood there, with a giddy pain surging through his brain, and a chill at his heart, as of a cold hand grasping at its fibres, he did not know; it might have been five minutes, or it might have been five hours; but he was roused by the breaking up of the little party, the sound of merry voices and playful adieux.

Harry Deane was standing under the chandelier, one light hand resting on the carved back of a Gothic chair—Gilbert Armour lounged on a sofa, where the blue silk curtains swept over the entrance to a bay-window. As John Carlyle pressed forward, Miss Elphinstone laid her hand on his arm softly.

"No, no," she whispered, archly, "don't you see it's an understood matter with Gilbert and Harry? Give me your arm home, for Gilbert will never think of me again."

John Carlyle turned silently away with white lips and clenched teeth, blind to the wistful glance that shone through Harry's lashes, the uncertain quiver of her lip!

He was gone. Yes, the field was clear for the newly-made Lieutenant. He advanced, a little nervously.

"Harry—"

But to his horror and surprise she burst into a storm of passionate tears, through which her violet eyes flashed with ominous sparkles.

"Don't speak to me!" she sobbed; "don't come near me, Gilbert Armour! I wish you'd go home, and never come near me again!"

"Harry!"

"How dare you call me Harry, Lieutenant Armour? Not another word; I don't want to hear what you are going to say!"

She held open the door, imperially dignified, although the tears hung on her lashes, and the auburn braids, escaping from their pins, swept her shoulders; and Lieutenant Armour walked out, crest-fallen.

"Well, I've got my dismissal!" quoth he to himself, biting his long mustache in impotent wrath. "But who would ever have thought she was such a confound—ed little vixen!"

"You might take off the upper arm just here, without—"

"What's the use? He won't last out the day any way, and we may as well let him go easily, even if we had time to waste in unnecessary operations!"

"I'm not so certain about that. Give the man a chance for his life. Where's the ether?"

"You want no ether; he is totally insensible!"

The words fell like meaningless jangles of sound on John Carlyle's ear as he lay, one in a multitude of wounded and dying men, in a weather-beaten old shed. The busy doctor and the kind-hearted young cadet made no impression on his fading mind; he heard what they said as if they had been talking of some one else. There was no volition—no intellect. Life seemed ebbing away from him as the sparkling tide goes creeping—creeping from under the stranded boat!

All at once there came a sudden, sharp pain as the surgeon's keen instrument cleft the arm, and then followed insensibility.

"Ten to one he'll die," said the surgeon, indifferently, as he replaced the glittering tools. "There's no use bandaging it so carefully."

But the young cadet knelt down to fasten the wrappings, wondering in his secret heart if the time would ever come when he, too, should speak so carelessly of a fellow-creature's life, God-given!

John Carlyle did *not* die, the grim old surgeon to the contrary notwithstanding.

There had been a glorious thunder-shower. Along the west hung heavy draperies of violet-black cloud, edged with dazzling fringes of gold, while the blue zenith, smiling through its brief tears, seemed literally to swim in liquid light. And from far off apple-orchards pink with billows of tossing bloom, and sunny slopes all empurpled with wild violets, came sudden sweeps of fragrance on the city winds, carrying the Wall Street jobbers and shriveled money-makers back to the time when they were boys, looking for the first strawberry blossom under the rosy canopy of the old apple-trees!

The fresh breeze, eddying fantastically into the wide, open hotel window, lifted the damp masses of hair on John Carlyle's wasted forehead as he sat in the easy-chair beside the casement, and passed its cool fingers softly over his burning temples, as if it fain would whisper, "Don't repine any longer! Look out on the glad blue sky, and feel Heaven's healing sunshine on your cheek!"

As if man ever heeded Nature's silent monitions! John Carlyle was no exception to the general rule.

"A common private!—those were her very words," he murmured to himself, with a faint crimson spot burning on his wan cheek—"and crippled now for life! Ah, it was well that I drew back into the shadow of the curtains when I heard *her* step in the corridor. Why did they bring me here of all places in the world? Must I drink the bitter cup of humiliation to the very dregs? They should have let me die that dismal night in the hospital, when the ligatures slipped off and the red life-stream drained slowly from the vital sources; that night when fever throbbed in all my veins, and I madly fancied I could feel Harry Deane's tears dropping on my cheek. If I had died—never awaking from the delusion! But now—a common private with only one arm!"

He laughed bitterly as the perpetually-recurring conviction pressed itself upon his mind—a laugh that was almost a sob. Only twenty-six, and weary of his life; it is not often that heart and hope die out of a man's breast at twenty-six.

And the clustering domes and the spires of the great city, leaning against the gold and purple cloud-columns of the sunset, grew dim, and seemed to reel, as he looked upon them, through the mist that was more bitter than rivers of salt tears.

"John!"

He turned listlessly around, fancying that the word had syllabled itself somehow out of the vague imaginings and unspoken fantasies that were whirling in his brain.

But it was not fancy.

A slender little figure in a dress of pale pink—the very dress he had been used to admire long ago—was kneeling on the carpet beside him, and Harry Deane's auburn hair, gleaming golden in the sunset, fell over the arm of his chair where the fair head drooped.

"Harry! Not there, dearest—not there. Let me raise you."

"Oh, let me kneel here, John!" she sobbed; "let me hide my face until I have told you all. If I could but call back those dreary days when I was so heartless, so cruel toward you; and you have undergone so much since! But indeed I loved you all the time, John, even when I was most willful; and I love you still! And oh! if you will only let me be your little wife, I will nurse you so tenderly and care for you so fondly! Don't send me away from you *now*, John, or I shall die!"

The sweet, pleading face, with its velvet-blue eyes shining through tears, and quivering scarlet mouth—what a new loveliness it had won to John Carlyle's glad vision!

"Harry," he said, softly, "would you sacrifice your bright young life to a common private with only one arm?"

"I would devote it to the noblest hero who ever spilled his blood for his country!"

His forehead fell on her shoulder; he was sick and dizzy with the flood-tide of happiness.

"Harry," said he, after a minute, "do you know that I fancied you liked Gilbert Armour?"

The superb scorn on her arched lip was very comical, and not unpleasant to behold.

"Gilbert Armour, indeed! You are worth ten thousand Gilbert Armours!"

"Even including his shoulder-straps?"

She put her hand softly over his lips.

"You need not suppose, Sir," she said, with a pretty defiance that became her no less than the tearful humiliation of a minute before, "that I should have come here courting you, if you hadn't been so sick and worn, and if—"

"Well?"

"If it hadn't been Leap-Year!"

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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CHAPTER XIV.

AT GAMRIDGE'S.

It was very late, or rather very early, and Gamridge's was in full conclave. There was laughing, and there was swearing; bets were laid, and taken, and booked; stories were told; and jokes were created; and scandals were, not covertly buzzed, but openly roared about. There was much sincerity at Gamridge's, toward two in the morning. A few of the dandies were drunk, and their candor was, consequently, comprehensible; but others, older and more seasoned vessels, were quite as sincere, being simply cynical. They did not, perhaps, wear their hearts upon their sleeves, the majority of the possible wearers not being troubled with centres of vitality; but they wore, instead, an impudent glorying in unholy lives, an insolent contempt for all that was good or pure—or stupid—which was the Gamridgean synonym for goodness and purity; a bold, defiant, almost chivalrous, and completely diabolical pride—pride of birth, pride of rank, pride of person, pride of dress, pride of intellect (there were some fools there, certainly, and they were proud of their folly, and plumed themselves upon their drawl or their lisp), pride, in fine, of the power of doing evil, and of impunity in wrong-doing. When a very vicious man has very good health, he becomes, indeed, the roaring lion, raging up and down, and seeking whom he may devour. It is only when his constitution is impaired, and his limbs grow shaky, that he begins to crawl in the dust, like a serpent, and wind his body round trees, and whisper counsels full of perdition to the silly.

So most present spoke their minds at Gamridge's. There was no concealment. Every body was as bad as his neighbor. At two o'clock in the morning there was no need for concealment. In the day time, at the clubs, at Chiswick, in the parks, at the theatres, you saw the beautiful Gobelins tapestry, marvelous in the minute finish of its work, suffused with glowing yet tender tints. But at two o'clock in the morning, at Gamridge's, the tapestry was turned up and pinned against the wall. You saw the reverse of the picture—you saw what was behind the exquisite work and the glowing tints. A lamentable arras, indeed: full of knots, and loops, and cobbles, and darns, and frayed ends of dirty worsted protruding from a coarse canvas ground.

A roar of acclaim broke forth as Blunt entered the room. He was a great favorite among the dandies. The famous marquis of those days thrust forward his shoulder-of-mutton palm and squeezed Blunt's delicate hand. Francis Blunt, Esquire, was, perhaps, the only frequenter of Gamridge's who kept his mask on at two o'clock in the morning.

The dandies crowded round him, for he had a renown for saying things which, if not brilliantly clever, were at least spiteful, and consequently amusing. But Mr. Blunt was, this morning, in no mood for venting epigrams or retailing scandalous anecdotes. He could ill conceal his preoccupation.

"Is Debonnair here?" he asked.

"Been here these two hours," answered the colleague he addressed, Captain Langhorne, of the Guards. "Been drinking oceans of soda-and-B, and getting very spooney. Mounthawkington says he's in love. I say it's lush."

In the reign of King William the Fourth the aristocracy were not ashamed to use habitually the language of costermongers. In these days, the writer believes, the superior orders never soil their lips with slang terms.

"Will he play?" Blunt whispered to the Guardsman.

"Whom d'ye mean? Mounthawkington?"

"He play? A hurdy-gurdy, perhaps. I don't mean him. He's not worth playing beggar-my-neighbor with; for my neighbor, Mounthawkington, is beggared already. I mean Debonnair."

"I tell you he's spooney. He'd do any thing you told him to do. He is the soft and verdant spinach, and sighs for the due accompaniment of gammon. If you stretched a tight rope across the room he'd dance upon it like Madame Saqui—till he tumbled off tipsy. He's game to play any thing, from blind hookey up to chicken hazard. He's very spooney, and decidedly sprung."

"Will you see that he doesn't drink too much? Keep him off Champagne. It'll drive him mad. Keep him on his soda-and-B. That won't do him any harm."

"Do you want him, then, that you're so very anxious about his precious health?"

"My dear fellow, I want him between this and five in the morning, for as much as ready money and I.O.U.'s payable within four-and-twenty hours will give me."

The Guardsman whistled. "You've been hit rather hard, Blunt, lately," he remarked, "and you want your innings, I suppose? Well, Debonnair is as good as another, I suppose. Only don't knock him down as though you were pitching at the pins in a skittle-alley. Let him down softly, poor lad. Let him fall on a feather-bed."

"Have you so much sympathy for him?"

"Well, he's only a boy, you know. It's a pity to knock him down all at once, because—because, you know, he's young, and there's a good deal more plucking about him—and if you skin him alive all at once, he might get sick of the thing, and turn steady."

"I see. Well, you shall have him when I've done with him. There'll be plenty of pickings left, I'll promise you."

"Deuce doubt you. Do you want any fellow to-night in with you?"

"Thanks, not one. Lord Henry Debonnair and self; that's all."

"And old Nick as double dummy. Well, I've no wish to spoil sport. Good digestion wait on appetite, and luck on both, and a potful of ready on all three. What do you go in for? The bones?"

"No; not for serious business. We must, for form's sake, have an hour at Crockey's, but the real affair must come off at the count's. I want him at King John, in a side-room, while the rest of you fellows are deep at hazard. Debonnair, how are you, old fellow?"

All this, save the concluding salutation, had been uttered in the discreetest whisper; but, "Debonnair, how are you, old fellow?" was voiced in the bland and cheery tone of which Francis Blunt, Esquire, was an admirable master.

"The Griffin means mischief to-night," Mr. Langhorne, of the Guards, cursorily remarked a few moments afterward to Lord Claude Mounthawkington.

"Oh! confound him," replied the dandy addressed, who was a younger son of a poor nobleman, and had been ruined too early: "he always does mean mischief after midnight. He has had me many a time, and for many a thousand. How in the world does he manage it? He plays on the square, I s'pose?"

"On the squarest of squares. A perfect cube. He's the soul of honor, my dear fellow. I'm peckish, and want some oysters and stout." And Mr. Langhorne of the Guards passed on.

"Debonnair, old fellow, how are you?"

Lord Henry Debonnair liked to be called "old fellow." He was very young. He was a boy. He had a fair round smooth face, quite innocent and blooming. His russet hair curled about an unfurrowed brow. His blue eyes were cloudless. His pretty lips seemed quite untainted by contact with pollution. How should they be? If the inclinations of his secret soul had been laid bare the discovery that he was still fond of lollipops, and never passed an apple-stall without longing to pilfer a couple of the rosy-cheeked fruit of the dozing Irishwoman to whom they belonged, might have been made. He smoked, and the act of fumigation made him very sick; but he continued to smoke, almost without intermission, because the other fellows did it, and it was the thing.

It was likewise the thing, in those days, to drink; so Lord Henry Debonnair drank—Champagne, Moselle, Tokay, soda-and-B., and not unfrequently the fortifying but stupefying dog's-nose with the friendly cabman, or the enlivening but poisonous Geneva with the convivial gladiator, or affable hanger-on of the prize-ring. It was the thing in the reign of King William the Fourth to associate with cabmen and pugilists. As Lord Henry's little head was very weak, intoxication, in its most demonstrative form, was of by no means rare occurrence with him; and he had been at least half a dozen times locked up in various metropolitan station-houses, and the next morning fined five shillings. It was the thing to be locked up at night, and banter the police magistrate in the morning.

He had always—from reason's first dawn, at least—experienced considerable difficulty in settling, to his own satisfaction, that two and two made four. But he kept a voluminous betting-book, and backed the favorite, or laid against the field, for all sorts of events, double and single, to the extent of some thousands of pounds yearly. He betted as he gambled, as he drank, as he did worse, as he went to prize-fights and cock-fights and ratting-matches, as he drove a four-in-hand (he who was hardly out of a go-cart), as he kept race-horses and bull-dogs, not because he cared much about those amusements, or those luxuries—for next to lollipops his most pronounced taste was for boiled mutton and turnips, suet-pudding, and ginger-beer—but because it was the "thing" among the "set" to which he belonged. He was very lazy, very thoughtless, and very profligate, because it was the thing to be so; and he had never done, and never intended, any harm to any living creature. Lord Henry Debonnair belonged to a class common enough in the reign of William the Fourth, but whose type in the reign of Queen Victoria is extinct.

Francis Blunt, Esquire, had twisted this young nobleman round his finger. He had passed a silken string through his nose, and led him by it, with perfect ease and comfort to both parties. He was far too clever to toady the young lord. He patronized him. Lord Henry looked up to him, with implicit trust and confidence, as guide, philosopher, and friend. He recognized all the attraction of Griffin Blunt's brilliant depravity. He felt, in his boyish mind, proud to know so experienced a profligate, so cultivated a master of nefarious arts. It was the respect a youngster at school pays to an oldster. Blunt was too wary to borrow ready money of his protégé. It was not the thing to be in need of a five-pound note. But Blunt obtained the noble name of Debonnair as acceptor, as endorser, or as drawer, to innumerable bills of exchange, at all kinds of dates. His lordship was never troubled to part with ready cash when the bills came due. He had only to sign his noble name once more, and so, the interest was paid, the bills were renewed, and Francis Blunt, Esquire, was flush of cash, and would be able even to give Jean Baptiste Constant a trifle on account of his wages. Oh, the wonderful power of paper-money, and how wide-spreading are the wings of Icarus until the wax melts off! Then he comes down plump; as Law did; as Turgot did; as the latest edition of Chevy Chase will do.

Frank Blunt drew his arm through that of Lord Henry, and soothed, and flattered, and told gay stories to the noble boy he meant to cheat before sunrise, and whose brains he would have been, under any circumstances, glad enough to blow out: believing, as he did, that Debonnair admired his wife too much. Poor boy! Has there not been seen, ere now, a little spaniel puppy dog frisking about in the den of a Bengal tigress? Blunt allowed no trace either of his design or of his resentment to show itself. He was a diplomatic villain, not a melodramatic one. Plunder your enemy first, and murder him afterward, if there be occasion for it: so ran the cautious current of Francis Blunt, Esquire's, reasoning.

As fate would have it, he was destined, that night or morning, neither to rob nor to kill Lord Henry Debonnair. For, just as the boy and he had quitted Gamridge's hospitable roof, and were mounting the former's cabriolet, en route for Crockey's, two men of mildewed, slightly greasy, decidedly shabby, and unmistakably Jewish, mien, made their appearance in the lamplight, one on either side of the aforesaid cabriolet. A third man, who was older, and shabbier, and greasier, and more mildewed, but not Jewish, appeared, with pantomimic suddenness, at the horse's head.

"Good Heavens, Blunt, what is the meaning of this?" cried Lord Henry.

"It only means," replied the dandy, with well-assumed coolness, but with a very pale face, "that I am taken in execution—arrested, as it is called—for three thousand five hundred pounds, and that, instead of going in your cab to Crockford's, I must take a hackney-coach, with these respected gentlemen, to Chancery Lane."

CHAPTER XV.

GETTING UP.

The morning broke very sadly and drearily to the little child left, quite alone, at Rhododendron House. The servant-maid, with whom she had been put to sleep, had risen at six o'clock, for her work was of the hardest, and her pabulum of rest infinitesimal. So when, about half an hour afterward, the bold sun came hammering through Lily's eyelids, preaching to old and young alike, that eternal sermon against Sloth, the girl's place beside her being yet warm, but deserted, it is not, I hope, to be taken as a very wonderful event if Lily began immediately to cry. It does not take much to bring tears from the eyes of a little child. The infant weeps instead of cogitating; and the result arrived at is about as logical in the one case as in the other. Lily's dolor was as yet of no very outrageous kind. It was less a fractious roar than a meek wail of expostulation. Her sorrows dawned with the day: the noontide of misery was to come. She had but a very faint idea of where she was, and a fainter still of how she had come there. Every thing was strange to her. Her memory was naturally short. The events of the previous day had been rapid, crowded, and unusual. The upshot was hopeless confusion. So she betook herself to tears. The sun, however, after vindicating his dignity and potency before stirring her up so rudely, seemed to relent. He condescended to console her. He was a generous giant after all, and acknowledged that so tiny a lie-a-bed might urge some plea in abatement of his wrath. There was time—hard and cruel time enough—for Lily to acquire habits of early rising. So murmuring (if the Sun indeed can sing) that beautiful burden to the old nurse's ballad,

> Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
> When thou art old there's quite enough for thee,

he, too, began to smile on Lily, and to show her wonderful things. He had a plenteous store, and a rich, and a brave; and the child smiled in his company. The sun's beams dried her eyes. She looked, and saw the motes dancing in the golden rays; the strip of drugget tesselated in a bright pattern, the knobs on the chest of drawers gleaming in the shine. Then, outside, some creeping green plants, stirred by the morning breeze, chose, with a merry furtiveness, to peep in upon her through the panes; and the sun turned them to all kinds of colors. Her mind was yet as light as a leaf: volatile, and carried hither and thither as the wind listed. She laughed, and forgot her little woe, and found herself playing with the pillow, which, to her, speedily became animate and a thing to be fondled, dandled, chidden, and apostrophized. It is the privilege of very little girls to be able to turn any thing into a puppet; as it is of very little boys to make any thing into soldiers. I once knew the small daughter, aged three, of a tinker, who nursed for a whole hour a dead rat for a doll.

As nobody came, however, and the painful fact of the pillow having no legs became apparent, and the sun went in (to cast up his yesterday's accounts, maybe), after showing for a moment his jolly red face at the door of his dwelling, gloom came again to overshadow Lily's soul. The petty horizon was very soon darkened, and the rain-drops began once more to patter. She felt very lonely, very friendless, very hungry; and though the sun, in his back parlor, hearing her sobbing, looked up from his ledger, and opening a casement, drove a lively beam across her bed, she was inconsolable now, and wept with unassuageable bitterness.

All at once there came a dreadful bell. It must have been made of Chinese gongs melted down with revolutionary tocsins, fire-alarms, jarring chimes from brick chapels in grim towns of the shoddy country, peals from jails and work-houses, bells from men-o'-war where discipline was rigid, and whose captains were Tartars: the whole hung in the Tower of Babel, furnished with a clapper forged from Xantippe's tongue, and finally cracked and flawed under the especial auspices of Mr. Denison, Q.C. It was a most appalling bell. It elected, first, to creak and groan, and then to emit a frightful rasping clangor that set your teeth on edge, and made your bosom's lord sit so uneasily on his throne as to seem in danger of tumbling off. You could hear the duller sound of the tugging at the rope, and the thud of the outer rim of the bell against the brick wall by the side of which it was hung, besides the persistent bang, bang, banging of the clapper itself. It was a campanile of evil omen, a sound of doom, a most abominable bell—the school-bell of Rhododendron House.

The five-and-thirty boarders in Rhododendron House knew well enough, from long and sad experience, what the bell meant. It signified Get up! Get up this minute! Get up this instant! Get up, you lazy little minxes, under pain of ever so many bad marks, extra lessons, and diminished rations of bread-and-butter! So, sluggishly or speedily, but still inevitably, the pupils proceeded to rise, to dress, and to lave themselves. All of these processes were ill-done; and at prayer-time few of the five-and-thirty were more than half-dressed, half-washed, or half-awake. But they were all there.

To poor little Lily the bell represented only so much deafening noise, mingled with some vague and indefinite menace of she knew not what. It made her cry more than aught else that had previously excited her emotion; and if, at the end of five minutes, or thereabouts, the horrible instrument had not surceased in its uproar, it is not at all out of the range of probability that the terrified child might have screamed herself into a fit.

"Hoity-toity!" quoth Miss Barbara Bunnycastle, entering the room at this juncture, "what's all this noise about? No crying allowed here, Miss Floris. You should have been up and dressed half an hour ago, little one."

She was quite another Miss Barbara Bunnycastle to the young lady who had received Lily the night before. Her voice was sharper, her gait firmer, her manner more determined. She seemed to forget that there were any such persons as parents, and spoke only to pupils. Cake and wine existed no more in her allure; she was suggestive only of bread and scrape and sky-blue. The holidays were a million miles and ten centuries away. She was not cruel, only cross; not severe, only strict. She was still the guide, philosopher, and friend of her young charges; but she was, above all, their governess.

Miss Barbara had at first some difficulty in reconciling herself to the gross infraction of scholastic discipline committed by a young lady-boarder, who had not only neglected to leave her couch at the first sound of the "getting-up bell," and apparel herself in her everyday garments, but was also so ignorant of the arts of the toilet as to be behindhand in reaching the dingy corridor, dignified with the name of a lavatory, where the five-and-thirty matutinally fought for the possession of two jack-towels and three squares of yellow soap. Miss Floris was not even competent to hook-and-eye another young lady's frock, or entreat her, in return, to tie her pinafore. What was to be done with a pupil who could not even part her hair, and knew nothing of the proper maintenance of a comb bag? But, by degrees, it dawned on Miss Barbara that Lily Floris was a very little, little child—a mere baby, in fact—and that there was plenty of time to break her into the manége pursued at the Stockwell academy of female equitation. Even the education of Adelaide and Theodora, those paragons of judicious training, must have had a beginning. Next, it occurred to Miss Barbara that the little one represented so much good money, already paid in her behalf, and that she might be made to represent much more equally good. Accordingly, bowing to the force of circumstances, she shrugged the shoulders of her mind, and concluded that the affair, although dreadfully irregular, must be made the best of; and, in pursuance of this sage resolve, she condescended to order up Miss Floris's trunk, and to array the new inmate in the garments provided for her. Nay, she even went so far as to take soap and towel in hand and to frictionize and slouch, in alternate douches and dry rubs, the face and hands of her protégée.

Lily felt more alone than ever. She missed the warm bath, the soft sponge, the soothing words and merry tales, with which her old nurse used to make the ordeal of the tub tolerable. Now the tub was replaced by the servant-girl's wash-hand basin, a fictile bowl of many cracks, not much bigger than a pie-dish. She was dreadfully afraid—she knew not why—of her instructress; but she could not subdue a stifled sobbing. When, added to anguish of mind, you happen to have some soap in your eyes, it is hard to refrain from lamentation.

Miss Barbara observed the child's grief, and, as she washed her, chid her.

"You mustn't cry," she said, sharply. "It's wrong and foolish; and besides it'll prevent your learning your lessons. Do you know what it is to learn lessons?"

"Ess," replied Lily, who had once or twice essayed to put a doll through a course of elementary instruction, but, for the rest, had no more idea of lessons than of the Teeloogoo language.

"That's right," quoth Barbara. "You'll have plenty to learn while you're here, I can tell you. Idleness is the parent of vice; and you'd better be dead than a dunce. Above all, no crying; it's wicked. Do you understand me?"

"Ess," replied Lily again, feeling that she was called upon to say something, but understanding about as much of the drift of the query as of the primordial organization of matter.

"Then dry your eyes directly. You mustn't look as if you were unhappy. Nobody is allowed to be unhappy here. You're to be brought up under the law of kindness. I've washed and dressed you this morning, and, till you're able to do it yourself, the servant will see after you. I'm not a nursery-maid; understand that. Now come along."

"Ess," replied Lily again, bewildered between the exposition of the law of kindness and the soap still smarting in the aqueous humors of her eyes.

"Then why don't you do as you're bidden?" pursued Miss Barbara, giving a very slight stamp with her foot.

Somehow Lily couldn't do as she was bidden. She was not naturally rebellious—only dismayed. But in her helplessness, and with this terrible personage, who spoke so sharply and scrubbed so hard, hovering over her, an indefinable feeling of insubordination took possession of her small frame. She was a very tiny leveret to stand at bay; but she clenched her fists, and crammed them into her eyes, and stammering out, "I won't," sat down in the middle of the drugget; and the rest was inarticulate moaning.

Here was a fine piece of work! The logical Miss Barbara felt that it would be a lamentable dereliction of the law of kindness to have recourse to slapping; on the other hand, the child only responded to commands by more passionate outcries. So Miss Barbara took a middle course, and seizing the recalcitrant by one arm, shook her.

"Will you come now, you aggravating little thing?" she exclaimed.

The shaking was slight enough, but it was quite sufficient to subdue the aggravating little thing—she who, up to that moment, had never had a finger laid upon her in anger. Miss Barbara had not clutched her with any extraordinary vigor; but she was muscular, and her fingers had left faint red streaks on Lily's baby-flesh. The child looked at these marks, and acknowledged at once the presence of superior will, of irresistible force. An extinguisher descended quickly, and for good, on the flickering flame of revolt. She gave in—rose—suffered Miss Barbara to rearrange her rumpled frock—and very meekly followed her down stairs, clinging to the bombazine skirt of her instructress.

Miss Barbara Bunnycastle had probably never perused the famous work on Education written by Mr. John Locke, author of an Essay on the Conduct of the Human Understanding, in which that profound philosopher relates a light-hearted anecdote of a lady—a most affable maternal person, and an ornament to her sex, I am sure—who whipped her little daughter on her coming home from nurse eight times in succession, in the course of one morning, before she could subdue her obstinacy. "And had she stopped at the seventh whipping," opines the grave Mr. Locke, "the child would have been ruined." Fortunately Lily's little outbreak had been got under by the first overt act of coercion. I am not prepared to surmise what the result might have been after eight shakings.

So down they went, passing through the lavatory before mentioned, when two or three lagging boarders, who had been late in obtaining a hold on the jack-towels and the yellow soap, or were still dallying with the comb-bag, or vainly endeavoring to find eyes for their hooks, fled, half unkempt, before Miss Bunnycastle's face, like chaff before the wind. Then they descended half a dozen break-neck stairs, and leaving a lobby, hung with bags, and cloaks, and play-ground hats and bonnets, behind them, entered a long, low, white-washed room, barely furnished with desks painted black, and wooden forms, and a few maps, and a closed book-case strongly resembling a meat-screen, and at the upper end of which, at a raised rostrum, sat Mrs. Bunnycastle, with a pile of open volumes before her. She was supported on either side, like her Majesty in the House of Lords, by lower chairs of estate, occupied by Miss Celia and Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle. The English and the French governesses, or "teachers," as they were less reverently called by the pupils, occupied desks at the further end of the school-room, and Miss Barbara had a kind of roving commission all over the academic premises, to inspect, to watch, to report, and to reprove. Her eye was every where, and her body was in most places.

It would seem that, on this particular morning, the whole pomp and state of the establishment of Rhododendron House had been brought out to impress the new pupil—though she was such a very little one—with a due sense of awe and reverence. It was rarely, under ordinary circumstances, that Mrs. Bunnycastle made her appearance in the school-room until after breakfast; and as seldom did more than two of the sisters deign to attend the earliest assembly of the pupils. However, on the first appearance of Lily in the school-room, she found herself face to face with the whole dread hierarchy of her future home—to say nothing of the five-and-thirty boarders sitting at their desks, whose gaze appeared to be directed toward Miss Floris with the concentrated force of one eye.

"Don't stare about you so," whispered Miss Barbara to Lily; she had to stoop a long way down to whisper. "Little girls shouldn't stare. It's an idle, wicked habit. Now kneel down and be very quiet."

Happily Lily needed but slender instruction in this last particular. She had been taught to pray. She plumped down on her little knees, and, folding her hands with edifying decorum, bent her fair head, and began to murmur God knows what. Emphatically He knew what.

There was a shuffling, rustling noise, as the girls, at a signal, rose from their desks to kneel upon the forms. Then Mrs. Bunnycastle read prayers in a mild bleating voice, taking care to pronounce "knowledge" with an omega. After the orthodox orisons she read a lengthy homily from a thin dog's-eared book, which, according to a tradition among the girls, had been written by a dean, who was Mrs. Bunnycastle's grandpapa. The homily was full of very hard words, and consequently most wholesome and improving; but its arguments seemed to have a directer reference to some by-gone theological controversies than to the immediate spiritual wants of the five-and-thirty boarders. However, there was a beautiful passage about the idolatries of Rome—which Mrs. Bunnycastle, according to diaconal precedent, scrupulously pronounced Room—and the homily was accompanied by at least one gratifying circumstance, that every body seemed very glad when it was over. The girls, who had joined in the responses to the prayers with great zeal and apparent zest, and in divers degrees of shrillness, now rustled and shuffled into their places again, and Mrs. Bunnycastle proceeded to promulgate divers bills of pains and penalties, in the shape of lessons and bad marks for offenses committed between the setting of the sun on the previous evening and the rising of the same that morning; and then, when one young lady had broken into a dismal howl at being condemned to learn by heart a whole page of Télémaque, and another had been relegated to the penal study of a cheerful genealogy in Genesis, and a third had seen the prospect of the after-dinner play-hour dashed from her lips by the stern behest to copy out thrice the verb So Désobéir, and when all the inculpated young ladies had vehemently denied the sins of omission and commission imputed to them, and when the governesses appealed to had emitted lava floods of crimination and recrimination, and when Mrs. Bunnycastle had rapped her desk several times in a minatory manner, with the dean's volume of homilies, and somebody's ears had been boxed—for the law of kindness did not exclude some occasional commentaries and marginal references of a sterner character—the cook of Rhododendron House, who, to all appearance, had been lying in wait below till the climax of shrill outcry and uproar should be reached, suddenly burst upon the assembly, not in person, but vicariously, by ringing the bell for breakfast. A very hot person was the cook. She would bend over her sauce-pans in the kitchen till she attained, as it seemed, a red heat, and would then rush up stairs into the play-ground, and tug at the bell till she was cool: thus triumphantly vindicating the principle of counter-irritation.

MORNING.

From rounded hills and dimpling vales
 Night's shadowy shrouds unfold,
And the lonely star of morning pales,
 And the mists are bathed in gold.

Soft zephyrs are breathing from the west
 Over the rippling corn,
And the ruby kiss of the sun is prest
 On the white brow of the morn.

The flowers shake off their dewy sleep,
 And their petaled eyes unclose
With innocent looks on the calm blue deep,
 That curtains their repose.

From nestling homes, all leaf-embowered,
 The birds pour matin songs,
And fields and river banks are showered
 With new-born insect throngs.

All things are glad at the wakening breath
 That heraldeth the day,
When sleep, so nearly akin to death,
 Passeth upon its way:

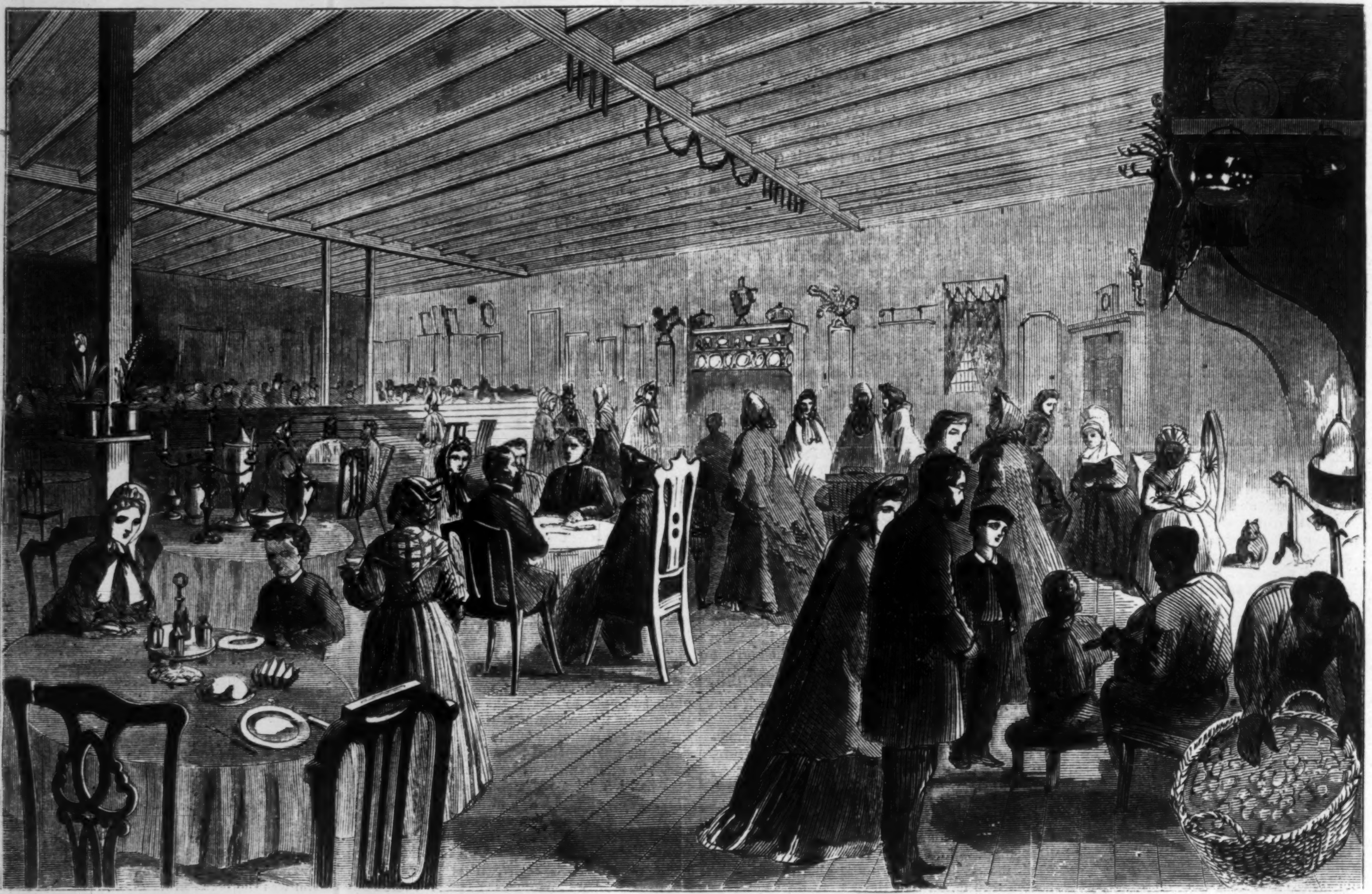
The sweet foreshadowing of that waking
 When under heavenly skies,
While the morn of another life is breaking,
 We shall open these darkened eyes.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AND HIS WIFE.

Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria, and Emperor of Mexico by the intrigues of Louis Napoleon, whose portrait we give on page 269, is the son of Archduke Francis Charles and of Archduchess Sophia, Princess of Bavaria, and is the eldest brother of the present Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph I. He was born July 6, 1832, and is now consequently just in the fresh summer of his years. He holds the rank of Admiral and Commander-in-chief of the Austrian Imperial Marine, having worked his way up from the lowest rank of his profession, aided very materially, of course, by the fact of his exalted birth. He is described as a remarkably plain and republican sort of personage, and has certainly enjoyed great popularity in his rule over the people of the Lombardo-Venete and in every other position he has filled. Ambition is probably his greatest weakness.

The offer of the imperial crown of Mexico was made to the Archduke by a Mexican deputation on October 3, 1863, and was accepted by him under the condition of the election being ratified by the whole Mexican nation. The latest advices from Europe represent that the Emperor was about to sail for Mexico to take possession of his throne, in occupancy of which he is to be supported by a force drawn from two sources—1. A Foreign Legion, in the service and pay of Maximilian; 2. A body of native Mexicans, such as can be hired to uphold the usurpation. The Foreign Legion, which is to consist at first of 6000 men, is making up in part from the army of Paris, and the first installment of 500 men were embarking at Cherbourg three weeks ago.

The wife of Maximilian is Princess Charlotte, daughter of King Leopold I. of the Belgians, to whom he was married July 27, 1857. Princess Charlotte was born June 7, 1840, and is consequently twenty-four years of age, and is said to be a woman of many charms of character.



THE KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN, UNION SQUARE.

SKETCHES OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR—Continued.

In the Union Square Buildings the

KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN

—illustrated on this page—attracts a large share of the attention of visitors. Meals are served up in the old Knickerbocker style to all who wish them; and old Knickerbocker gentlemen visit the place nightly to smoke their pipes and chat pleasantly together in the corners. Several of the ladies having this department in charge appear in the apparel of the old times, made of the most costly and elegant materials. Some of the visitors to the Kitchen, according to the reports of the daily papers, carry extensive appetites. One day "one youthful gormandizer boasted that he had 'put away upward of fifteen Dutch cheeses' in the course of a tolerably long meal. An old gentleman from Ulster County appeared early in the day and called for breakfast. Soon after he returned and inquired for a little lunch. That having disappeared, he retired apparently satisfied. Not many hours elapsed, however, before he again turned up craving for dinner. At 9 o'clock he was enjoying a little something once more before retiring for the night."

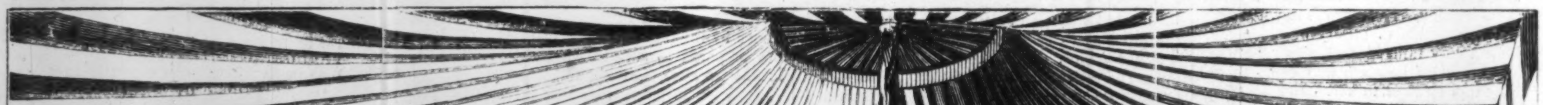
THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

is a most delightful resort, in which lady visitors find especial pleasure. The instruments are all of the first class, and have been sold at large prices. There is also a select assortment of sheet music, musical books, etc., and at all hours of the day some performer discourses sweet sounds for those present.

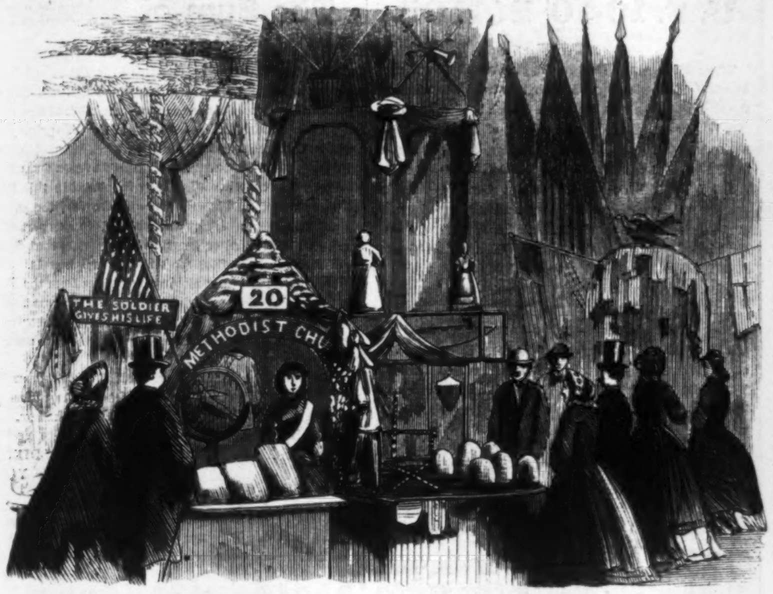
Another point of great interest in the Union Square Buildings (illustrated on page 264) is the

INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT,

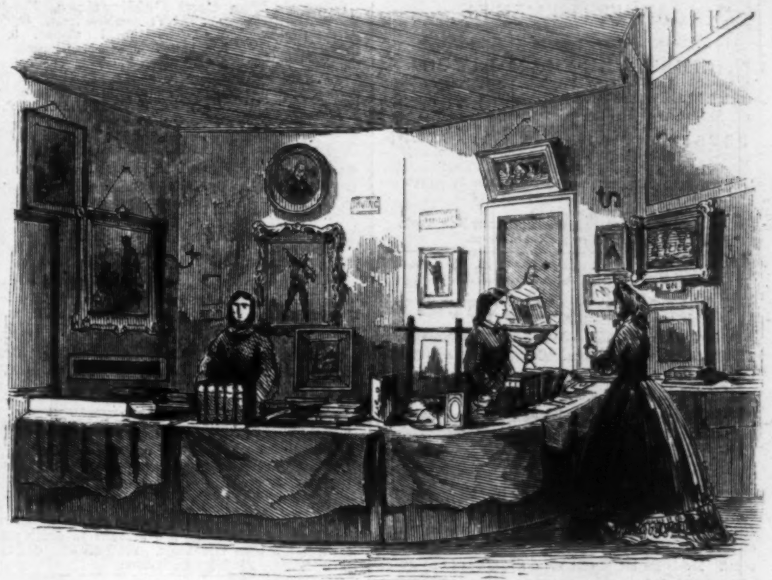
which is crowded with rare selections of Science and Art contributed from different countries. One of the principal ornaments of the department is a fountain in full play, margined by vases of flowers. The sales here have been very large.



THE MUSIC HALL, UNION SQUARE.


THE SOLDIER GIVES HIS LIFE
20
METHODIST CHU

METHODIST TABLE.



INTERIOR OF IRVING COCKLOFT.

A main point of interest in the Fourteenth Street Building is

COCKLOFT HALL,

or the Salmagundi Summer-House, in the New Jersey Department. This house abounds with relics of Irving, to whose memory it is consecrated. Copies of every portrait ever taken of him are to be found there, together with the table on which he wrote, sketches and paintings illustrative of his life and works, original manuscripts and editions, etc. Here are also exhibited a scarf of Rose Standish, worn in 1620, and many other things equally interesting—among them the flag of Paul Jones, when in command of the *Bon Homme Richard*. The interest which visitors manifest in every thing about this house furnishes an eloquent testimony of the power of a great name, and the reverence all men feel for a good and noble life. Our sketch gives an interior view of Cockloft Hall.

One of the most attractive of the miscellaneous stands in the Fourteenth Street Building is that of the

METHODIST UNION,

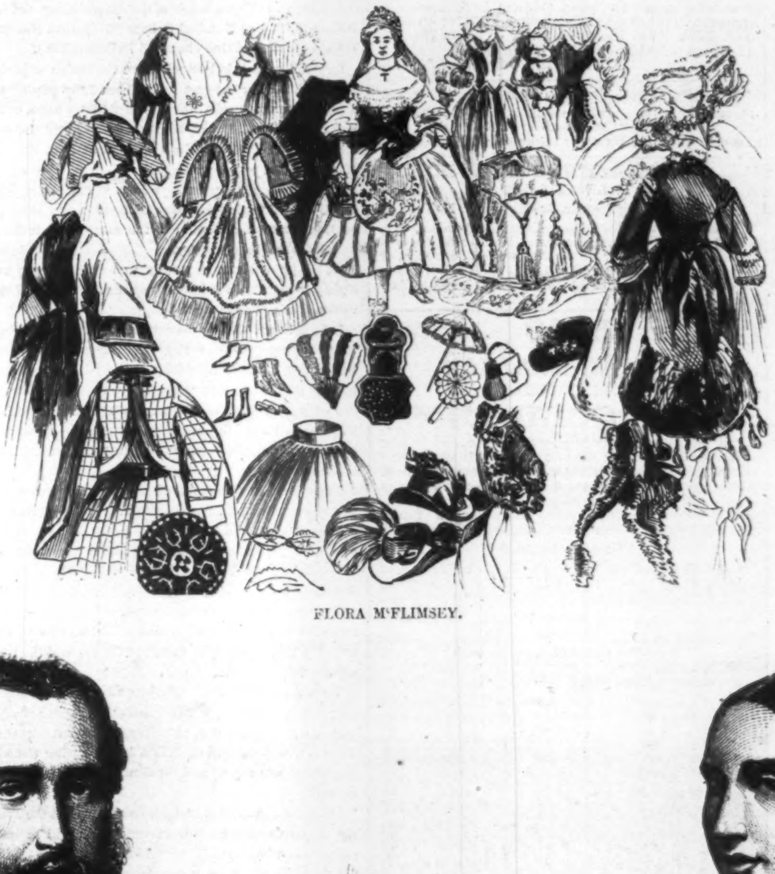
illustrated on this page. At this stand—No. 20—nineteen churches of the Methodist denomination are represented. The contributions consist of camp-stools, library-chairs, silk sofa-cushions, cloaks, Afghans, a large assortment of embroidered goods imported from Paris, infants' clothing, wax and other artificial flowers, mechanical toys, dolls of all sizes and colors, shell-work, and perfumery. The assortment is one of the largest in the Fair, and is presided over by one of the ladies.

In the Union Square Building

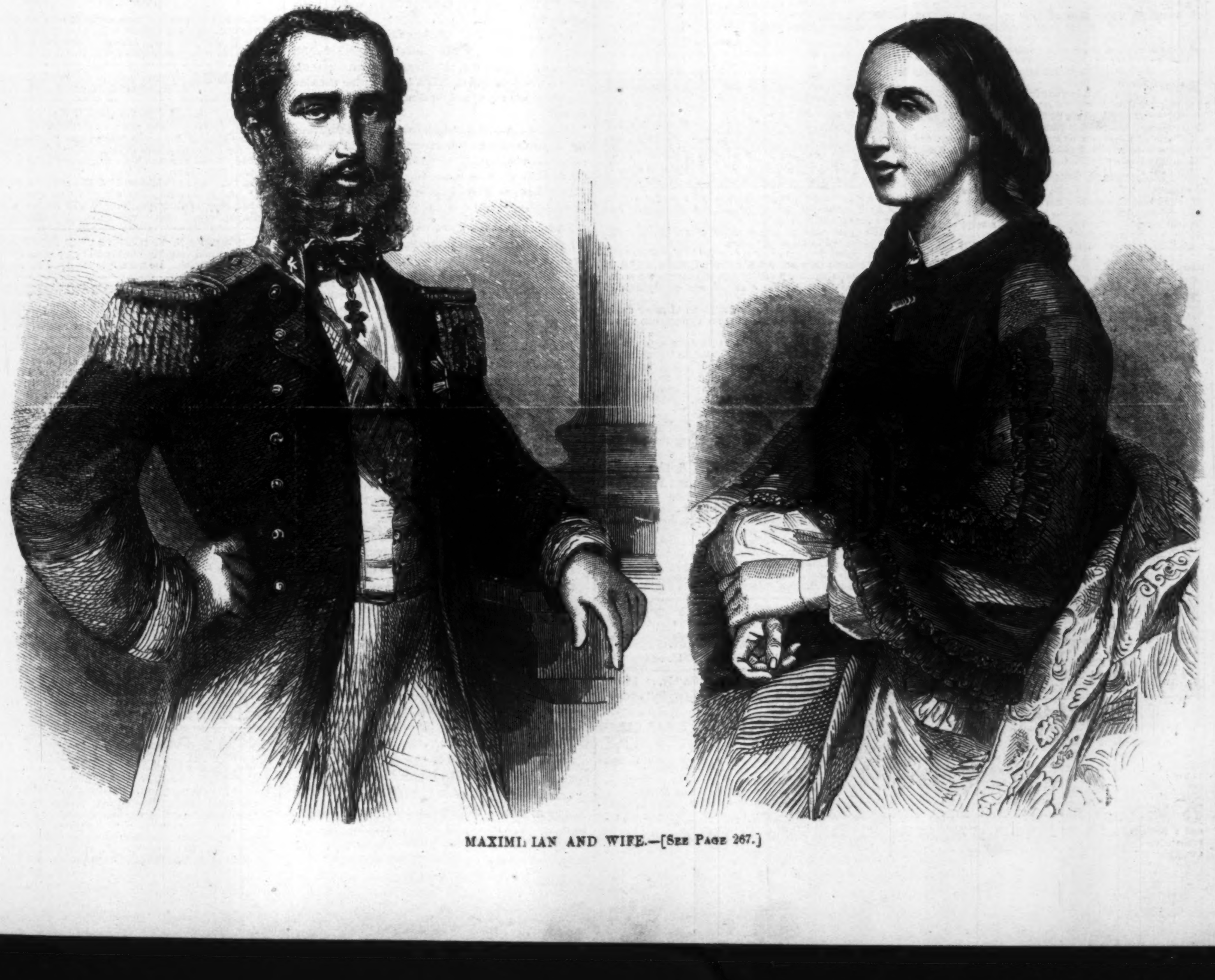
THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

referred to last week, has proved a great success, not only affording the little folks an opportunity to do something for the soldier, but furnishing a constant source of amusement and profit to visitors. The sales in this department have been very large; but all vacancies created by purchasers have been promptly supplied, so that the display has been uniform and complete throughout. The profit derived by visitors to this department has not been merely of the pocket or the eye. In thousands of hearts the spectacle there presented has revived sweet reminiscences of childhood; and many a withered, weary face has grown bright again, no doubt, in the presence of the memorials of that time, when the winds of June blew along their paths, and the birds of spring warbled in the green boughs of their young lives. Our sketch of this department represents one of the entertainments which have been given nightly, to the delight of thousands of visitors.

The view entitled "Flora M'Flimsey" on this page represents a Doll contributed to the Fair by a lady and her daughter, with twelve complete sets of dresses, etc., all of the finest description, and made entirely by the hands of the contributors. The wardrobe thus provided for the miserable Flora includes every garment and accessory the richest taste or heaviest purse could suggest, and yet the whole is offered at a price which would not, probably, pay for the material at present rates. As a triumph of womanly patience and skill "Flora M'Flimsey" must challenge the admiration of all visitors. "Nothing to Wear" never had a more perfectly satirical illustration than this.



FLORA M'FLIMSEY.



MAXIMILIAN AND WIFE.—[See Page 267.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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This gentleman, Mr. Daniel J. Tenny, resides at the Astor House, in this city, and has been in the enjoyment of excellent health ever since he was cured by this treatment. He is an intelligent man, and there is no doubt of the truth of his statement. This proves, at least, that as many as one of the Pills prepared by Dr. Brandreth can be taken for nearly 500 days in succession without harm, and at the end of that time a dyspeptic and costive habit of body may be perfectly cured. This could not be said of any of the cathartics in use by those who style themselves the *Regular Faculty*.

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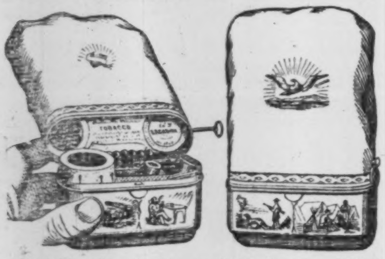

Col. Charles Anderson (Lieut. Governor elect of Ohio) writes:

In a letter of July 10th, 1863, acknowledging receipt of a "Ridgewood Case," says: I thank you heartily for the friendship which directed this present to me, but more heartily for the comfort and pleasure which it hourly affords me. Every soldier in the patriot cause ought to have one of these cases, as a constant *Campaign Companion*, and adds; If I were rich enough, every man and officer of the 93d O. V. ("God bless them all!") should have one forthwith.

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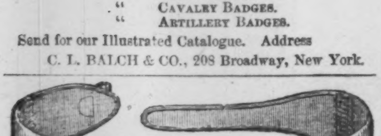

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Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer.

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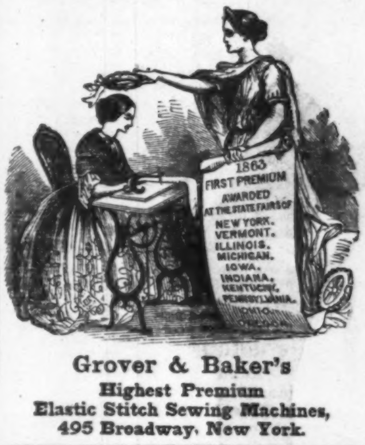

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